SUMMER 1963 95c.

DISSENT

An End to "Moderation"

THE NEGRO REVOLUTION

These are great and stirring days in America. A social transformation, as vast in scope and at least as significant in morality as the rise of industrial unionism in the thirties, has begun to sweep the country. Just as the triumph of the CIO radically changed the lives of millions of workers (TURN TO PAGE 205)

CHARLES B. TURNER
The Black Man's Burden: The White Liberal

WILLIE MORRIS
Despair in Mississippi; Hope in Texas

JACK MINNIS
Courage and Terror in Mississippi

NORMAN MAILER
THE FIRST PRESIDENTIAL PAPER

DANIEL M. FRIEDENBERG
A FABIAN PROGRAM FOR AMERICA

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AMONG OUR CONTRIBUTORS:

Charles B. Turner, a graduate in Political Science from the University of California, has been a social worker, is currently working in Intergroup Relations in San Francisco. . . . *Willie Morris* tells something of his background in the article which appears in this issue; born and raised in Mississippi, educated at the University of Texas, a Rhodes scholar at Oxford, and now a writer, "I think." Now working as a magazine editor. . . . *Jack Minnis,* a doctoral candidate at Tulane University in New Orleans, works as research director of the Southern Regional Council's Voter Education Project in Atlanta. . . . *Daniel M. Friedenberg's* articles on Cuba, real estate, and other subjects have been a staple of DISSENT (and other periodicals as well). . . . *Stanley Diamond,* an anthropologist with considerable field experience and one of our frequent contributors, appeared in our last issue with an article on the West African nations. . . . *J. Kirk Sale* has written on African affairs for *The Nation* and *The New Leader* and is the author of *The Land and People of Ghana,* to be published by Lippincott; he is joining the staff of the University of Ghana. . . . *H. Stuart Hughes* is Professor of History at Harvard; his most recent book, *History as Art and Science,* will be published by Harper & Row in January.

This issue is dedicated to the memory of Medgar Evars, freedom fighter, murdered in Mississippi.

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among ourselves

• When the crisis erupted in Birmingham, our spring issue had just reached the newsstands. Within a few hours Louis Lomax the distinguished journalist, was on his way to Birmingham as DISSENT correspondent. A few days later we had a letter in the mail to all our readers, reprinting the text of a wire that had been sent to the White House and urging them to get into action. Individual DISSENT editors were active as well. On the West Coast Irving Howe spoke at a rally in support of the Birmingham Negroes and, applying old-fashioned collection techniques, raised over $700 for the Negro organizations.

We regret that the article Mr. Lomax had arranged to write for this issue, and for which we held up our press date by several weeks, could not be completed in time. Upon his return from Birmingham, Mr. Lomax became so involved in the New York phase of the struggle for equal rights, he could not fulfill his assignment.

• DISSENT is glad to welcome to its roster of Contributing Editors Dennis Wrong, the well-known sociologist and political writer, who has appeared in our pages and is a professor at the New School for Social Research. What's a Contributing Editor? Not so easy to say. It's someone who is friendly to DISSENT, writes for it more or less regularly, but as a rule isn't actively involved in editorial work and decisions.

• The last issue, featuring Alexander Donat's controversial article on Jewish resistance to Nazism, has aroused wide interest and controversy. Copies still available.

• Paul Goodman has been publishing so many books lately, we can't keep up with him. But they're valuable books. *The Society I Live In* (Horizon Press, $3.95) is a collection of pieces, a number of which first appeared in DISSENT, and of letters to editors on a range of topics, some published and some not. It's a remarkably lively book. Written to everyone from President Kennedy to Rose Franzblau (the *N.Y. Post* home-brewed psychoanalyst), these letters are, as Goodman says, "the squawks of a citizen." Hardly a human issue escaps his attention. There is a unique blend of social and artistic insight, which makes his work exciting and imaginative. He makes you think about problems that may never have crossed your mind. You may get angry (with the people he writes to, or with Goodman himself), but you'll be shaken out of your complacency. And the book illustrates the values of economy: Paul can say more in a letter than more ponderous characters in a whole book.

• *Friends ask: What (short of giving you the thousands of dollars I don't have) can we do to help* DISSENT?

A few simple things: subscribe *instead of buying single copies. Subscribe for a two-year period, instead of one. That increases our income and cuts our expenses. A small thing? Yes, but important to us.*

Also check to see whether your library carries DISSENT. *(Back issue sales important also).*

And if not thousands of dollars, how about hundreds or scores . . . or?

• A group of prominent left-wing intellectuals in France have formed a Commission to Investigate the Crimes of Stalin. The idea is to pressure the Russians and others into providing *all* the facts about Stalinist terrorism, not

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just selected short subjects. A number of Americans have been invited to join in the work of the committee, among them the editor of DISSENT.

• Another DISSENT conference was held last April in New York City. Chaired by Henry Pachter, it was organized around the subject of the peace movement, disarmament, etc. Participants included: Erich Fromm, Roger Hagan, David McReynolds, Steven Thernstrom, Amitai Etzioni and Anthony Wiener.

About 200 people attended, but to be frank about it, the conference was not all it should have been. Both audience and participants expressed disappointment that the discussion seemed frequently to wander. Apparently the topics weren't clearly enough set out, and there was too much off-the-cuff talking. For this DISSENT has to take responsibility, with the promise that next time we'll try to do our homework better. We all feel that when people are asked to come to such a discussion, there has to be adequate *preparation.*

• *We want to bring to the attention of our readers the admirable action of Milton Mayer, the pacifist writer, who has filed suit to force the State Department to issue him a passport. Mayer was denied one in January because he refused to sign the non-Communist oath which became part of passport applications last year. Said Mayer: "I have never taken a test oath and I never will It is a historic instrument of tyranny. . . ."*

• An ugly touch of McCarthyism has come to Indiana. Three students at the University of Indiana, members of the Trotskyist-inclined Young Socialist Alliance, have been indicted by a grand jury for "subversion," under the state's Communist Act. The indictment charges – with a straight face – that three students assembled on March 25 "for the purpose of advocating or teaching that the government of the United States, or of the State of Indiana, should be overthrown by force. . . ." Behind the indictment is an ambitious reactionary Prosecutor, Thomas Hoadley, fresh out of the State University and eager to make himself a hero of the extreme right. A Committee to Aid the Bloomington Students has been set up, and money should be sent to it, Box 625, Bloomington, Indiana.

• *One of our editors has come up with a sensational device for increasing circulation. He asks people to subscribe.*

• Lionel Abel, the distinguished playwright and critic, also a contributing editor of DISSENT, has just published a highly interesting volume of dramatic criticism, *Metatheatre.* We hope to review it soon. (Editors' books aren't reviewed; but contributing editors' can be. There's sense to that rule, but we won't try to explain now.)

• The Winter 1964 issue will be a special number on The American Academy, discussing the politics and sociology of academic life. Subjects to be discussed include: the new academic orgman, the role of the academic in intellectual life, professors and publishing, government sponsorship of research, academic freedom since McCarthy, the professors in Washington, social science and the cold war, educational experimentation, Paul Goodman on university life, TV and teaching machines, the Southern Negro college, etc. A list of articles and authors will be published in our Fall issue.

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DISSENT

VOLUME X

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A QUARTERLY OF SOCIALIST OPINION

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Indo-China: America's Algeria

An atrocity is an atrocity, is an atrocity. No matter whether it is committed by Russians, Nazis, Frenchmen or Americans. Unless this is kept firmly in mind one succumbs to the fallacy of believing that when *we,* the children of light, commit a crime it is not "really" a crime, but that when it is committed by *them,* the children of darkness, it is a heinous offense. Unless one attacks inhumanity everywhere, but especially in one's own backyard, one has no right to attack it when it is committed by one's adversaries. The fight against atrocities is indivisible.

Americans are at this very moment engaged in perpetuating atrocities in Indochina. And these are not individual excesses; they involve deliberate policy.

In fall 1962, after the failure of earlier attempts, American "advisors" to South Vietnam's army initiated a strangthened "defoliation campaign" under the quaint title "Ranch hand." (An earlier scheme to uproot whole village populations was given the cute name "Operation Sunrise".) The objective of this campaign is the wiping out of rice fields in "enemy territory" and the defoliation of the jungle by chemical means. This affects, of course, as *The New Republic* has pointed out, more than just hostile armed men in the jungles: it hits the peasants, and it involves their livelihood not just at present but in the future, since the new "defoliation" can destroy vegetation more or less permanently. Large C-123 transport aircraft now spray them over "enemy territory" in the Vietnamese countryside. And since almost the whole of Vietnam, outside the major towns and fortified places, can be considered "enemy territory" the chances are high that this campaign, if at all successful, will wipe out the means of livelihood of large masses of people. The starving survivors will then be initiated into the virtues of democracy—Diem style.

The *National Review,* that hate sheet with a Yale accent, is still not satisfied; it believes that even the present policy is tainted by softness. It feels that we should have told Moscow: "Yes indeed, we're using poison gas to defoliate the jungle and track down the hit-and-run Communist bands. And we promise you we've got other trumps to play. Out in the forest, up in the hills, far from dense population, we could easily—and mercifully, for that matter—use some of our stock of nerve gas, and so paralyze a whole area, or strip of country, bringing peace once more, and saving Vietnam from Communist tyranny." (March 26, 1963). The idea of bringing peace through nerve gas is so incredible that one might suspect the author of some clumsy attempt at Swiftian irony. But no, Buckley's boys are deadly serious.

The major issue concerns not the political Neanderthalers of the *National Review* but the sophisticated Frontiersmen of Washington. What about all these "liberals" from the banks of the Charles River, the Rostows, the Schles-

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JOURNAL OF THE QUARTER

THE NEGRO REVOLUTION

continued from front cover

previously helpless before the American corporate structure, so will the Negro revolution change the lives of millions of human beings who have suffered so long at the bottom of our social order.

The Negro revolution may be blocked here and diverted there, but it cannot be stopped. It surges up from the very depths of our social life, from people who for decades had been cowed into silence or drugged into apathy. Now, with a high and marvellous anger, they take to the picketlines, the streets and the jails, brimming with the assurance that they sacrifice in behalf of their childrens' freedom, armored with the tough shield of non-violence, and above all, *acting on their own,* self-reliant and proud, little helped by the white liberals and barely understood by the Kennedy administration. If the government really helps the Negroes, well and good; that will make their struggle easier, though it will not remove the need for struggle. But alone or with others, the Negroes are on the move, North and South, as never before. It is a great, an exciting moment, and we, for our part, support their struggle heart-and-soul—with Martin Luther King and the Negro students entering the University of Alabama, with CORE ripping the veiled structure of inequality in San Francisco, with the brave young men helping Georgia Negroes to register, with Lorraine Hansberry telling off the Attorney General.

Events move fast, and a quarterly is not exactly the ideal medium in which to follow them. But there may be an advantage in standing back and trying to see these developments in a preliminary perspective.

I

Why did the Negro struggle erupt at this particular moment? And why did it erupt with such militancy and passion?

American society is not blessed with a rich historical memory, especially in regard to problems that stir its guilt. The truth is that the Negro struggle has been going on for decades; most Americans simply chose not to see it. The achievements of the past few months were made possible by the work and sacrifice of thousands of pioneers, including a good many American radicals who often stood almost alone in combatting the outrage of racialism.* Certain aspects of the

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* In a recent essay, "The Administration and the Left," composed for the *New Statesman and Nation* and otherwise marked by a sublime condescension, Arthur Schlessinger, Jr. writes:

"The most striking and significant work

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an unarmed racial minority that must cope with the ruthlessness of state and local power, which means the ruthlessness of Southern sheriffs and deputies, the tactic of passive resistance brings strength, endurance, conviction. It bewilders the enemy, and may yet drive a moral wedge into the white middle-class. Indeed, the application of passive resistance to the struggle for equal rights is perhaps the greatest achievement of American pacifism, and those of us who are not pacifists ought to be quick to recognize and applaud this achievement.

In practical terms, the tactic of non-violence is particularly suitable for a drawn-out struggle. Economically, the accompanying device of store boycotts has proved a strong weapon, especially in view of the increased purchasing power commanded by Southern Negroes. A boycott quietly in effect for the past year in Birmingham cut the sales of retail stores by over thirty per cent, enough to drive a number of stores into bankruptcy. And while the Southern power-holders may not be very sensitive to the claims of Christian morality, they understand perfectly well the value of a dollar. In a similar way, the disruption of civic life caused by mass arrests does further damage to Southern economic prospects: it discourages new investments by the Northern-controlled corporations which prefer an atmosphere of social peace.

If the Negroes were engaged in a revolutionary effort to overthrow our society, then the tactic of non-violence would soon prove to be inadequate. But what they want, by and large, is to enter fully, as equals, into the American social structure; they demand not that our society abdicate but that it fulfill its announced claims. And for this purpose, non-violence has been shown to be an admirably supple instrument.

3) *There has occurred in recent years a large-scale disillusionment among many Negroes in regard to the government, the white liberals, the whole of the "white power structure," as Dr. Kenneth Clark has called it.* For months before the recent crisis, Negro spokesmen in the South have complained that the government was

---

urban Negro community. In the May 11–12 battle at Birmingham these young Negroes made their resentments felt. The *New York Post* reporter, Stan Opatowsky, has written a valuable description of them:

". . . they are Birmingham's dispossessed, and the truth is that they will remain non-privileged even when the new day dawns.

"Their scant education and few skills leave them only the poorest of jobs Birmingham has for Negroes. They will not benefit from Birmingham's new deal because they will never be qualified, or acceptable, for jobs as clerks or salesmen.

"They have known only two kinds of white men—the boss and the cop. The boss is none too good. He hires them for their menial tasks by the day and lays them off at whim.

"But the cop is much worse. The cop accosts them at any hour and arrests them on any pretext... The cops often beat Negroes senseless in full public view...

"The steam has been building in these people for weeks. It was they, not the demostrating children, who were targets of hoses and dogs...

"So the hate built in these bitter souls and the courage built up too. They had always cowered before the cops and held back their hatred—to protect their skulls.

"But suddenly, without forewarning, for they had been in no church rallies and ridden in no freedom rides, they saw Negroes defying the hated cop.

"So the non-privileged decided to make it a fight of their own..."

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present-day Negro struggle may be novel; but there is hardly an issue being raised, or a significant political tendency within the liberation movement, which has not been present in American Negro life these past seventy-five years.

The constant factors we all know: years of struggle by Negro minority groups; steady pressure from radicals and liberals; the encouragement rendered by the Supreme Court decision on desegregating schools; the gradual transformation of the South into an industrial society in which the more blatant forms of discrimination prove costly; the large-scale migration of Negroes to Northern cities where they can acquire some political power; the appearance of African states which stimulate pride in American Negroes; *etc etc.* But what is there new in the present situation that would account for the confidence and intensity with which the Negroes have begun to fight?

1) *There is the rise of a new Negro leadership.* Ministers in the Negro community had traditionally been voices of resignation; now they lead the host to righteous battle. Many of them have been exposed, in Northern divinity schools, to the "social gospel"; and they, if no one else, have reason to take it seriously. Better, thus far, than any other group, they can speak for the Negro community as a whole. They are often, as men of the cloth, in morally and tactically advantageous positions; and in the Negro religious tradition they have available a communal reservoir of psychic and emotional strength upon which to draw. Neither Marxists nor liberals foresaw the development of the extraordinary men at the head of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference: life is always richer than theory. How far ministers like the Reverends King and Shuttlesworth will be able to lead the Negro movement in the South, whether they will be replaced at some later stage, it is still too early to say.

Candidates for replacements are not, in any case, unavailable. Sometimes cooperating with the ministers and occasionally more militant are those younger Negro leaders who have recently graduated from the Southern student movement. They expose themselves in the most dangerous places; their commitment to non-violence tends to be ethical rather than religious; they bristle with courage and impatience. Post-ideological yet in some general way radical, they understand that even if the struggle in the South were won tomorrow that would not solve the Negro's problems but would only provide the conditions necessary for solving them; and they understand as well that these problems exist not in isolation but as an extreme instance of what is wrong with our society as a whole. Still in a minority and sometimes unseasoned, these young men will be among the leaders of tomorrow.

2) *There is the considerable success with which the tactic of non-violence has recently been developed in the South.* Morally, it provides reinforcement for the embattled Negro communities, at least for all but the most depressed and deprived sectors.* To

of the American left . . . has been on behalf of the fight for equal rights in the United States. The Left has been at its best when it has supported Martin Luther King and the Freedom Riders . . . "

* One of the gravest problems here is the growth of a sector of "unemployable" youth, demoralized and consequently at times delinquent, which seethes in every

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not giving them adequate protection, that the FBI was far too closely associated with the local racist police, that they could not get sufficient support from the Attorney General's Office. When Martin Luther King says that both the Democrats and Republicans "have betrayed the cause of justice" by collaborating with the Dixiecrats; when he says that the Kennedy Administration's record in Civil Rights has been "inadequate" by comparison with the "miserable" record of the Eisenhower Administration—he is expressing sentiments that a great many Negroes feel, including those who vote Democratic steadily. When Whitney Young, head of the National Urban League, the most conservative of the Negro organizations, charges the Kennedy Administration with having "only reacted, not acted," and adds that "Their attitude has been: How can we keep people from revolting and demonstrating and embarrassing us?", he speaks in the tones of bitterness which the more militant Negroes would only magnify. These statements, to be sure, were made before the President introduced his civil rights legislation into Congress; but by now the Negroes have come to be skeptical of the whole government process, they know how little even the best of laws can mean. They know, as King says, that "the plight of the vast majority of Negroes remains the same."

What follows from this? The lesson of self-reliance, self-affirmation, militancy. The most articulate and intelligent Negroes in this country are skeptical toward the whole "white power structure" (even, it is said, toward the Attorney General . . .) And they have every reason to be. From here on in, they mean to "make it" on their own.

4) *There is finally the little-discussed fact that in recent years the Negro has been gripped by a profound crisis in morale.* When people see no chance for improvement, they grit their teeth and learn to bear their misery. But they find it intolerable that a better life should seem *yet not be* within reach. For the mass of Negroes American society does not deliver, and for many of them the conclusion must be that their own leaders, especially those "moderates" who council patience, also do not deliver. Thousands of young Negroes cannot help seeing that the gap between their life-possibilities and those of white youth keeps growing larger. There results a disintegration of communal discipline, and in sheer desperation, a resort to various kinds of delinquency. It is this development within the Negro community which explains the feverish urgency of James Baldwin's recent writings. He is profoundly troubled by the demoralization of Negro life, and he warns of the disasters that could result. The social steam within the black ghettos keeps accumulating; it may soon cause an explosion; but meanwhile it pushes the leaders into greater activity and a more desperate public stance.

These seem to us among the reasons for the recent intensification of the Negro revolt. No doubt, there are a good many others.

II

When the demonstrations first began in Birmingham, and even after Bull Connor unleashed his dogs, the response of the Kennedy Administration was—public silence. Some leaked reports had it that the President "could not intervene" in a local crisis: an evasion so pitiful that no one

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took it seriously, for the crisis was not local and the President had many avenues for action. There were further intimations that the Kennedy Administration was intervening under cover, in that crafy way the family seems to favor and certain liberals have learned to admire. The Administration, we learned from various columnists, had brought pressure to bear, first upon white businessmen in Birmingham to accept token desegregation, and second upon major corporate interests to apply *their* pressure on Birmingham affiliates. About this there are some interesting things to say.

Speaking before a House Judiciary subcommittee, John Roche, national chairman of the ADA, said with a forthrightness few liberals could match that the negotiations secretly undertaken by Kennedy's agents with the Birmingham business interests represented "a ticket-fixing approach to racial problems." He called it "both naive and a shameful confession of unwillingness to protect the helpless."

But when the Administration covertly turned to the big corporations in an effort to have them patch up a truce in Birmingham, it was far from naive. On the contrary, it showed a hard-headed awareness of the realities of social power. As James Reston reported, "Roger Blough of U.S. Steel got in touch with the moderates of his vast steel enterprises in Birmingham and appealed for compromise." (Which may suggest that "his vast steel enterprises" have had a hand in the earlier perpetuation of Jim Crow in Birmingham?) What then happened was that the Birmingham business interests, despite local "white supremacist" pressure, bowed to the wishes of Blough and his similars. Money talked. The major corporations decided that it would be better to give the Negroes a few crusts in Birmingham—they have surely gotten no more—than to risk further social disruption. It is a highly instructive incident, and if we didn't have the Harvard contingent in the White House to educate us to a greater sophistication, we might almost take it as an illustration of the Marxist theory of power . . .

Be that as it may. The President retained his dignified silence straight through the most terrible days of the Birmingham crisis. Photographs were flashed around the world showing a police dog leaping on a Negro boy and a policeman kneeing the breast of a Negro woman; hundreds of children were put in jail; protests poured in from all over the nation. But the President remained silent: it is a cool family. Then he journeyed South and made a speech in which he cited many literary authorities, devoted all of two-thirds of a sentence to the aspirations toward freedom held by certain unspecified citizens, but did not get

SOME FACTS

Negro male worker's median annual income:	$3,075.00
White:	(5,137.00)
Negro female worker's median annual income:	$1,276.00
White:	(2,537.00)

•

Percentage of Negroes in skilled, managerial and professional class: 16 per cent
White: 40 per cent

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around to mentioning Negroes. Apparently, his sense of moral urgency was still containable. When Major Cooper returned to earth, the President was obviously moved by the astronaut's courage, and he spoke of it immediately. But the courage of the Negro children in Birmingham moved him to no similar public eloquence.

The Reverend King was pleading that a word from the President, or better still, a personal appearance in the South (*maybe even in a Negro church?*) would have a tremendous impact. It was not a new idea. Last April I had sent a letter to the New York *Times* with a similar proposal. The letter was refused, but here is the central passage:

> . . . American Negroes are fed up with the temperate advice of liberals to be "patient," fed up with all the rationalizations which inhibit them from an open and proud battle for their rights.
>
> . . . I wish to propose a step which would dramatize the moral issue, encourage the brave Negroes risking their lives for rights all the rest of us take for granted, and perhaps give the Southern whites reason to pause. Let President Kennedy pay a visit to Mississippi or Alabama. Let him speak about the legalities, but also and even more about human rights. Let him tell the Negroes of the South that the government will not merely protect them when they try to exercise the vote, but that it stands behind them on moral grounds . . .
>
> Is such a public gesture unprecedented? That would be no reason to refuse it, but as it happens we do have a precedent in the immediate past. Some months ago, after the Cuban invasion troops returned to Florida, President Kennedy made a special trip to Miami in order to speak at their rally. These men were not even American citizens, yet in the name of freedom, the President felt obliged to honor them. Well, here in Mississippi and Alabama is a cause involving freedom for ourselves. If the President could take such extraordinary steps in behalf of what he designated as freedom in Cuba, why should he not act, with full dignity and drama in behalf of an American minority?

Later, upon putting forward this modest proposal to establishment liberals, I was told that the President prefers tangible gains to dramatic gestures—as if, at the height of the Birmingham crisis, a dramatic gesture would not have constituted the very greatest gain for the cause of freedom and equality!

III

Meanwhile another Kennedy was receiving an unforgettable lesson about American Negroes. The value, the drama, the sheer beauty of the way the Negro intellectuals confronted Robert Kennedy on May 24 cannot be overestimated. That it helped deflate Robert Kennedy was an incidental gain; what mattered most was that it brought to public attention the voices of Negro intellectuals who are forthright and articulate. *"We could not get through,"* said Baldwin about the effort to persuade Kennedy that more than legislation or politicking was involved.

It would of the greatest political and intellectual value to have a full record of this confrontation. But we do already have a few central moments. Kennedy was told (to quote Dr. Kenneth Clark, a participant) that since "the FBI uses Southern agents in investigations of civil-rights abuses, the role of the FBI is coercive rather than protective" in relation to Negroes. Kennedy, who in his day could

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get pretty rough with Congressional witnesses when they refused to answer questions, refrained from saying anything at this point; and then Lena Horne put it to him straight: "Mr. Kennedy, are you not the boss of the FBI?"

(Well, *aren't* you?)

Later one of the participants urged that the President escort Negro students to the University of Alabama. Robert Kennedy "just laughed." Would it be impolite to wonder exactly what struck him as so funny? "He didn't get the point at all," said Baldwin. Indeed not.

"There were times," added Dr. Clark, "when we just broke out into hysterical laughter. It was the laughter of desperation . . . We were unable to communicate . . . that this was not a group of Negroes begging the white power structure to be nice to Negroes. We were trying to say that this was an emergency for our country . . . This never got over."

Bobbie Kennedy, the tough little rich boy who believes that everything can be *managed* if only you have enough power (or if only you are tough and rich enough), was routed by a handful of seemingly powerless Negro writers and artists. For him it was a political fiasco, for them a moral triumph.

Two footnotes:

- *"A guest for lunch with the Attorney General remarked last week how struck he was at how* Southern *the scene was as Negro waiters bent to pour coffee while the Attorney General wondered* aloud *what Negroes were thinking."* (*The New Republic*, editorial, June 15, 1963, emphasis added.)
- *"Although reluctant to detail fully his acute disappointment with what he regarded as the Attorney General's lack of moral urgency . . . Baldwin did nod affirmatively when a friend who had been at the meeting [with Robert Kennedy] said, "It's frightening to see power in the flesh and then realize how empty it is of almost everything but a concern with strategy for keeping itself in power."* (Interview with Baldwin by Nat Hentoff, *New York Herald Tribune*, June 16, 1963.)

For white liberals the recent events have been a crucial test, and not all, perhaps not very many, have passed. About the pecksniffian whinings in behalf of "moderation" that have come from James Reston it is pointless to say anything: he is on the way to becoming Krock the Second. But consider the case of Professor Paul Ramsey, a distinguished Princeton theologian and a man of good will, who wrote to the New York *Times* criticizing the use of children in the Birmingham demonstrations. Children, he felt, should not be thrust into the battle by their elders. Where has this gentleman spent his life? How could a grown-up man be so innocent? Does he not realize that a Negro child born in America is thrust into this battle the very moment of his birth; that he has no choice but to be thrust into it; and that the only issue facing him is whether to accept injustice supinely or stand up and fight for his freedom and his manhood? When those Negro kids marched off to jail, clapping their hands and singing "We Shall Overcome," they were learning for themselves a true lesson in citizenship.

IV

As it turned out, the original strategy of the Kennedy administration could not be sustained; and its lib-

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eral apologists, who kept mumbling about the advantages of realistic backroom deals with Birmingham business over displays of democratic rhetoric, have been left flat-footed with their apologies. The pressures kept mounting; columnists like Walter Lippmann kept jabbing away at Kennedy's failure to speak out; and it became clear that without decisive action there might be serious disorders. It is worth noticing how myopic and finally unrealistic the usual sort of liberal *realpolitik* (ignorantly called "pragmatic") proves to be. The White House minds are very shrewd; they miss nothing except the fundamental trends of modern society. They mounted an invasion of Cuba without understanding how and why Castro could win a hold on the Cuban people, and without understanding that an American-sponsored invasion could only strengthen Castro's hold on the Cuban people. And now they clearly miscalculated the nature and depth of the Negro movement, failing to see that it could not be contained by the usual manipulative tactics. The Kennedys seem very bright at winning primaries, pulling strings, maneuvering in Congress (getting bills passed is something else again); but they are not so good at spotting social revolutions. And the surrounding presence of the Rostows, Schlesingers and Bundys doesn't help much.

Once the President make his speech declaring the issue of desegregation a moral imperative and proposing his civil rights legislation, it was quite as well-phrased as one could have predicted. He does not lack for speechwriters. Indeed, this speech by a President of the United States may fairly be considered an historic turning point. It is a clear and unambiguous (if belated) recognition by the President of the revolution, and that the United States must go along with it and not oppose it. Clearly, maximum pressure will have to be mounted by labor, civil rights and other groups to push Congress into enactment of the President's program as a *minimum* offering today.

Had he spoken spontaneously during the Birmingham crisis, one could have honored entirely the urgency of his moral reaction. As it was, both his speech and his proposals must be seen as in large measure a response to overwhelming public pressure and to a growing fear that anything less than such a response would result in social havoc. It is of the very greatest importance to an understanding of American politics—and we are concerned with far more than Mr. Kennedy's personal psychology or moral composition—that we recognize how decisive was the tremendous pressure from the Negroes in forcing the Administration to act, even to the inadequate extent that it has acted. If people will struggle, they can attain; the "old-fashioned methods" so grandly decried by sophisticated liberals remain basic weapons for social betterment.

Meanwhile, only a few days after the President's proposals, the usual division of labor seems already at work in Congress. The Dixiecrats prepare to filibuster. The Republican leadership has announced its opposition to the most valuable of Kennedy's proposals, that granting Negroes the right of access to private business establishments. There is talk of a more "moderate" bill sponsored by Dirksen and Mansfield, to repace that of the President. Only the most vigorous *public* campaign, including sustained barn-

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storming and repeated appeals to the people, can insure the passage of the President's bills. It is therefore appalling that he chooses this moment to take a trip to Europe which is politically dubious in its own right. The pro-Kennedy *New Republic* is surely correct when it writes that "The President ought to travel and speak in the South, and not in the customary establishment places either. That, at the moment, is far more important than his ill-timed scheduled trip to Europe." But as Walter Lippmann has remarked, Mr. Kennedy does not seem to have much appetite for a good clean fight over principles; the profile of courage might be damaged a bit.

We are not suggesting that there is a cynical plot in Washington to let liberals propose and conservatives dispose. But if there were such a plot the outcome might not be very different from what seems the likely fate of the President's legislation.

That is why the decision of the Negro leaders to keep the heat on is an encouraging one. They simply cannot and should not accept the President's presumptuous request that they now abandon public demonstrations and wait upon the generosity of Congress. That he should have made such a request at all, shows once again how little he and his cohorts have grasped what is happening among American Negroes today. Any Negro leader who publicly accepted such a proposal would have soon found himself minus a good part of his following. CORE, the NAACP, the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, the Urban League—all have thus far insisted upon freedom of action, the right to continue protests when these seem appropriate. Dr. King threatens mass disobedience and a possible march to Washington in case of prolonged filibuster. As Julian Bond, the SNCC spokesman, remarks: "We cannot, in good conscience, ask American citizens who have been denied their rights for 300 years to refrain from voicing their demands in any way they choose."

V

Even if the whole of President Kennedy's legislative package is passed in the next few months, that would be the merest beginning of what now needs to be done. For what needs, most of all, to be done is to work out and put into effect a long-range plan for the socio-economic improvement of the life of American Negroes. Such a plan would provide the underpinning for the legal rights they will be winning for themselves. Involved here is the whole problem of the American economy, for as Walter Lippmann remarks, "the hard truth is that while the Negroes are making these demands, the country is in fact short of good schools, good housing and good jobs. This makes the Negro problem part of a generalized problem." And involved here as well is the need to understand how inadequate is the notion of "equality of opportunity" for the American Negroes.

Speaking before a protest rally in Washington, D. C., Robert Kennedy said, "There is no discrimination here at the Department of Justice. Any individual can come in here and get a job if he is qualified." No doubt; but it shows once again that, with or without the best will in the world, Robert Kennedy does not grasp the depth and extent of the problem. (It also shows how telling was Dr. Kenneth Clark's judgment when he said Robert Kennedy probably represented the best in the "white power structure"—a state-

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ment in which full weight must be given all three words.)

Equality of opportunity leads to equality of benefit only if the compared groups start at roughly the same point. But as a consequence of the shame and outrage of American history, the Negroes do not start at the same point as the whites; they are far behind in social position, educational status, economic possibility. Under these circumstances equality of opportunity (even if we had it!) can at best be a way of avoiding a *further* growth in the distance between white and Negro living conditions; but it will not remove that distance itself. For that, the Negroes must be given special help, special privileges, if you will —in jobs, in the unions, in the universities. And these forms of help should remain in effect until the Negroes themselves declare the time has come when they are no longer needed.

VI

The cant of "moderation" is at an end. It was always a lie, a supreme hypocricy. It was the foul evasiveness by which our society made verbal concessions to its guilt while doing nothing to help those whom it kept down. No one can now persuade the Negroes to accept anything but full freedom; and that is the outstanding historical development of these past few months.

With or without anyone's help, the Negro people are on the way up to freedom. It is time—time, indeed, after this last excrutiating century. Their movement will grow, will struggle, will suffer all the inner difficulties that all great social movements must; but it will triumph. And at this prospect, all decent men feel profoundly glad.

IRVING HOWE

AMERICA'S ALGERIA

continued from page 204

ingers, the Wieseners, the Bundys? How can such humane, enlightened, liberal men condone these actions through their silence? Has none of them the guts to cry out in shame? Has any one of them ever considered resigning, if need be, in order to focus attention upon such horrors? And, finally, has it not occurred to these tough *Realpolitiker,* who assure us *ad nauseam* that the cold war is a war of men's minds, that such atrocities practiced against Asian "lesser breeds" are apt to turn all dark-skinned humanity into ferocious haters of America? First the A-Bomb used against Japan, then napalm bombing in Indochina, now the poisoning of the very vegetation upon which the peasantry of Asia depends for its life—truly, the foreign policy of the New Frontier is foundering in extreme brutality and monumental ineptness.

Indochina is fast becoming America's Algeria. But where is the voice of protest of America's intellectuals?

LEWIS COSER

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Charles B. Turner, Jr.

THE BLACK MAN'S BURDEN: THE WHITE LIBERAL

No one has been more aware and less surprised by the white liberal's retreat than the Negro intelligentsia engaged in the civil rights struggle. They have been watching with increasing skepticism the liberal's distress with the fact of integration, a distress chronicled in John Fischer's *Harper's* editorial (July 1962) "What the Negro Needs Most: A First-Class Citizen Council," Murray Friedman's *Atlantic* piece (January 1963) "The White Liberal's Retreat," and most recently Norman Podhoretz's *Commentary* article (February 1963) "My Negro Problem—And Ours." These articles have been greeted by the Negro intelligentsia with a rather icy contempt, annoyance and indifference, and finally even a dash of relief; if further disillusionment were possible, these articles should have done much to squeeze it out.

The honeymoon between white liberals and the Negroes is over. The liberal plea: *"Wait a moment,"* accompanied by a low chorus of groans, *"That is not it at all. That is not what I meant at all"* is being met with telltale coolness. This break has been growing almost in proportion to successes in integration and direct-action movements. While it seems certain to grow deeper and wider in the days to come, a complete break seems unlikely, though not entirely out of the question. So far, it has been taking on the characteristics of a lover's quarrel. And as in most matches founded on conviction as well as dependence, the more likely resolution is disenchantment rather than divorce.

"I didn't know it was like this!"
"Well, baby, nobody said it was easy."

Liberals and Negroes make contact at only a few crucial points—civil rights – and miss on many others. Negroes are considerably more conservative on all issues save civil rights for Negroes; and the other issues liberals occupy themselves with rarely command much attention from Negroes. Also there is that supply of irritations, attributable mostly to differing sensibilities, that have always left each a little bit mistrustful of the other. The marriage required idyllic conditions in order to take place at all: namely, a time when integration involved more theory than practice, and a time when Negroes couldn't afford to ask questions, let alone make demands of their friends. Recent events have eroded much of this ground away.

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Everbody Has to Pay

The liberal's anguish stems from one of those tenacious liberal illusions: that, contrary evidence notwithstanding, they could achieve integration at no cost or inconvenience to themselves (always having been better prepared for integration in the South than next door up North). They expected to achieve equality for all Americans without pain or strain, and then emerge as innocent as they began. But now, with the stumbling translation of the moral principle into a reality, they are discovering that it's going to cost and that they're going to have to pay too. And so the liberals are restive.

It is at this juncture that the Negro intelligentsia's dwindling capacity for disillusionment is taxed. *"But I thought you said we were both in this thing together?"* The discovery that white liberals are balking at a point so far short of letting their sisters marry Negroes has been sobering for some Negroes and proof of the need for intransigence for others. *"I know everyone has his limits, but this. . . ?" "I told you, man, they're all the same."* Liberals are showing signs of being just like everyone else when it's their neighborhood that is integrated. One would expect, from the way they have been carrying on, that they'd look out the front window and rejoice: *"Oh boy, Negroes! Just what I've been waiting for."* But instead they have been going through a labyrinth of uneasiness and evasion. At last the liberals are in the position to be found out, and so far they seem little *(not enough)* better than the others, when it comes to living by the morals they profess. And so the Negro intelligentsia is distressed at what appears to be the need to convince liberals all over again.

The really significant thing has been the Negro intelligentsia's reaction to the signs of the retreat of the liberals. The dominant response has been a curious mixture of irritation and indifference. Instead of turning on that rich vocabulary, they have been content glumly to pass over the questions raised in the recent liberal articles. Questions that once even the most intrepid civil righters use to entertain if not stumble over. John Fischer's rather remarkable (considering the source) proposal, which may be translated, *"Ouch! Hey, how about making this integration a bit easier on us. You really don't need any more equal rights until everyone of you learns to act white,"* and which reads like a page from a segragationist notebook is a case in point. Few testy voices have bothered to blister Mr. Fischer. (Liberals use to rise to just this sort of bait.) Most Negroes have simply declined to join the dialogue, let alone be sidetracked or moved by these arguments. Instead their reply has been a sanguine, *"But baby, nobody ever said integration was easy street for you. That is why we've been so patient."* (Mr. Fischer should note that the Black Muslims come close to filling his prescription, and are in the absence of any further integration turning out some genuinely first-class citizens—that is

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"SEND ME TO ALABAMA . . ."

"I have been invited often by the State Department to represent the U.S. at international student meetings abroad . . . but when I get back here with the team I couldn't ride in the same taxi with white runners. . . . I say to President Kennedy: Don't invite me to go to Vietnam or to Venezuela. Don't invite me to join the peace corps and go abroad to help other nations solve their problems. I say send me to Alabama or Mississippi."
—Former track star Marvin Robinson in Birmingham.

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people who have forsaken crime, narcotics, drink, idleness, and lowlife in favor of thrift, sobriety, hardwork, and education. The Black Muslim formula doesn't require integration or amelioration, just hate—which may be the only formula for turning second-class citizens into first-class citizens without changing the conditions which led to their becoming second-class citizens in the first place.)

Collecting the Debt

At best, the arguments raised by Mr. Fischer and others seem like another excuse to get out of paying debts accumulated over the last three hundred or so years. That these arguments have so little sway with the Negro intelligentsia is not because they are basically weak or incorrect as criticism, but rather to differences in expectations and experiences, and finally the hard fact that it isn't the liberals' rights that are being held for ransom. *"Do you mean I have to wait until Negro crime statistics agree with population percentages before I can buy a house like everyone else?"* These arguments don't carry much weight because the very Negroes they are addressed to already send their children to the same schools, live in the same neighborhoods, and have the same dangerous streets that liberals fear integration will bring. If you are approximately middle-class Negro status, it's no easier or any more enjoyable to have your children exposed to slum standards, broken homes, disease, poor teachers, poorer schools, crime, etc., just because the people involved happen to be Negroes too. Indeed, it is just Negroes of this level that have demonstrated as much desire as their white counterparts to escape such environments. So the liberal arguments don't sound particularly compelling or reason enough to let them off the hook.

Also, such reservations in the past have always been offered up as *good* reasons (as opposed to real reasons) for continued segregation. There is more than a suspicion, since Negro Ph.D.s, chemists, teachers, etc., have very nearly the same difficulty as any other Negro in getting a house, that when you get down to the nitty-gritty, it's really, *"I just don't like 'em around me, not here in the neighborhood, next to me. I'm sorry."*

That such arguments are being raised by liberals at this late date is largely a measure of how much contact they have been having with the real American world. For perhaps the first time many liberals are having to deal with these questions in the flesh and blood. And this has necessitated a painful change in their level of awareness. Heretofore the liberal has been conscious of the Negroes primarily as a moral problem, but integration has forced a new and sometimes startling perception of Negroes as people—with vices as well as virtues that are all too human to be the exclusive preserve of any one ethnic group. Their surprise at what integration means (indeed everyone seems to harbor confused expectations about the word) is almost as if they had not conceived that the

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OH, THE BEAUTIES OF THE CONSERVATIVE MIND!

"Birmingham, Alabama is the latest port of call for that crew of professionals who spend their time rioting from city to city like a traveling crap game, leaving behind them the emotional and material ruins that usually follow upon speculations against the laws of probability." — Editorial, *National Review,* April 23, 1963

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Negroes they proposed to champion were just people, that as a group they were culturally disadvantaged, insecure and hostile. Given the fact of life 1619–1963, could anyone reasonably expect them to be otherwise?

A Very Real World

Now the Negro intelligentsia have been around, especially around the ghetto, and while the liberal's complaints may embarrass, they do not carry much weight; after all this intelligentsia has been afforded fewer romantic notions about integration and the kind of outlook a heel on the back of the neck is likely to leave one's fellow man with. So the liberals' plea seems hypocritical and dishonest when their moral injunctions are recalled. Indeed some of the liberal tenets and watchwords have always been regarded as naive, square, things to be shrugged off with a smile. By force the Negro has been educated to the difference between the American proposition and the real world; with fewer illusions he has been able to tolerate paying a higher cost. As it is, the Negro intelligentsia have been bearing the burden of both worlds: living up to the middle-class expectations, which involves eschewing most of the usual Negro escapes, while nevertheless remaining subject to the discrimination and stigma accorded Negroes.

Norman Podhoretz's adventures must necessarily seem rather prosaic to a Negro who has also been chased up and down streets by a long line of little Quentins. White liberals will indeed have wandered down a strange side street if they come to relying on miscegenation as the solution to their Negro problem. Few, if any, Negroes are willing to take seriously this proposal as a solution to their Negro problem, especially in today's world; and that is the world they want a solution for. *"Do you mean I have to wait until everyone has a natural tan before I can get treated like an American?"* Miscegenation: could anything be easier than waiting and breeding, or impose less moral commitment? And some Negroes may even be reluctant to marry the white liberal's sisters just to let their brothers off the hook. (Mr. Podhoretz must have been in a mood.) It is curious to speculate why Mr. Podhoretz suggests that the road to the Café au Lait Democracy is via Negro men and white women rather than white men and Negro women, which heretofore has been the more frequent recipe for gene mixing. (Marrying for love still sounds like a good idea.) Enough! As Mr. Podhoretz has pointed out, there is a good deal that is sick about this subject.

When all the liberal doubts are weighed they still seem trivial by comparison to the American proposition: all men are created equal. And the Negro intelligentsia has been led to

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THE SENATOR PUTS FIRST THINGS FIRST!

"The fact that every citizen has the same right to own and operate a swimming pool or dining hall constitutes equality. The use of federal power to force the owner of a dining hall or swimming pool to unwillingly accept those of a different race as guests creates a new and special right for Negroes in derogation of the property rights of all of our people to own and control the fruits of their labor and ingenuity.

"The outstanding distinction between a government of free men and a socialistic or communistic state is the fact that free men can own and control property, whereas statism denies property rights."—*From a statement by Senator Richard B. Russell (Dem: G.), June* 12, 1963 *as quoted in* Newsweek, *June* 24, 1963.

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expect that the liberals meant what they said, and therefore intend to hold them accountable for those words no matter what crime statistics, IQ tests, welfare reports, or *The Origin of the Races* reveal.

The Time Is Now!

The effect of the white liberal's vacillation has not been to cause the Negro intelligentsia to agree to a pause, but rather to call into question the goodwill, intention, and ability of all white Americans to do as they say. There is a growing conviction that white Americans really can't and won't practice what they preach. These doubts are real and persistent, and although there have been few public outbursts, there has been much backstage grumbling from Negroes who work in civil rights groups with liberals. Of course some Afro-American groups, the Black Muslims, and Adam Clayton Powell (who is his own group always) have been quick to repudiate the liberals and make capital out of their retreat. Regardless of what is publicly admitted, these groups touch deep, responsive nerves.

The Negro intelligentsia that is still committed to the American proposition has had to continue without major outbursts regardless of their skepticism. *"Now here, after all these years, I find out they ain't really with me, huh."* And in refraining from a denunciation of luke-warm liberal support they have been attempting to carry these reluctant Americans on their backs as so much black man's burden. The intention is to deposit them on the banks of the civilization promised in 1776.

There will be recriminations, struggles over tactics and leadership as well as cooperation, for both liberals and Negroes are in too deep, have too few alternatives, and too much community property to split up now. Both have been propositioned by the myth of America. If the territory ahead is difficult for liberals, the Negro intelligentsia has resolved not to let them fall by the wayside. For if America is ever discovered, liberals remain the best bet for surviving the voyage once the sting of integration passes. Behind this lies the realization that the liberals need to be helped go through with integration because if they fail in this we shall have proved conclusively that white Americans are incapable of living by their ideals, and that, for Negroes, America is never to be realized and indeed all roads oo lead to Muhammad's doorstep.

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Willie Morris

DESPAIR IN MISSISSIPPI; HOPE IN TEXAS

I

I have been wondering recently why it was that the full barbarism of the University of Mississippi crisis did not strike me until almost three months after Meredith had been enrolled. I bought a newspaper one afternoon in San Francisco and read the wire service account of how a hundred or more students had surrounded Meredith's table in the school cafeteria. Shaking their fists, quivering like young mammals in heat, they had chanted: "Go home nigger. We don't want you here." Up to then I had read most of the reports on the demonstrations, and as editor of a small Texas journal had published a number of stories on the riots and the killing. That afternoon, I think, my final awareness of the indescribable shame had a great deal to do with the simple fact of physical *removal* from the South, where I have spent most of my life; two thousand miles away, my response was untempered by the strange compromises your emotions make, almost as a matter of course, when you are there. It was like looking at a particularly stark painting: the image of the Negro surrounded, enclosed, had no modifying details, no relief, no irony or sympathy for anyone but the victim, all the power concentrated, congealed, in his lonely enguish.

His tormentors, the chanting mob, were, I know, sons and scions good white Mississippi families who somehow manage to invoke at every crisis, in a sort of unlettered liturgical way, the honor and pride and dignity of the Southern tradition. There sat Meredith, and there he no doubt still sits; one can only imagine how he, as a human being, must have been torn inside. Perhaps his stoic patience has, in some small measure, impinged on the honor and pride and dignity which his antagonists claim as their birthright; but for the Mississippi I know that is hoping too much.

I write about Mississippi with an almost total despair. I was born and raised there, and like most Southerners who leave home and yet come to understand, as the historian Vann Woodward says, that to throw away your Southern background for the usual brittle Americanism is affirming more than you bargain for, I feel hopelessly rooted to it, drawn back to it, not merely as an American is drawn to home, but as one is drawn to a condition of the senses, to some fragile certitude of old grief and

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sorrow and love. This is an unfurbished romanticism, but there is no call for either denying it, as with some exiles from the South or, as with others, exaggerating it into a lusty mystique, and making a lot of Yankee dollars in the doing. With me it is a simple fact of sensibility, and there is nothing I can do about it. Yet there is a futile, deepening ambivalence in the white Southerner's act of removal. Travelling America, he can see, all around him, what the country has become—the dream gone berserk; bleak, hollow, and homogenized. In California there is an avenue, El Camino, from Los Angeles to San Francisco, miles on end of chrome, asphalt horror, the thing we have reached, the end of the land. I remember, as in a dream, Highway 49 in the Mississippi delta, superimposed almost without a curve from Yazoo City to Memphis on that black alluvial flatland. El Camino is ugly, vulgar, cheap. The delta is hot-blooded beauty, sorcery, tragedy.

One night, five or six years ago, I sat in a bar in Paris with Richard Wright. We discovered, in talking, that we had been born only a few miles apart in Mississippi. A silence fell between us, like an immense pain; or perhaps it was my imagining. For I knew that the land is bloody and full of guilt where we were born. What distinctiveness remains, in this deepest South, is rooted even yet to a life which is contradictory of civilized values. You turn on it, as it turns on Meredith, though it had turned on both of you first, years before.

The past which this South claims for you, legend though most of it is, is somehow embodied, made vivid, in those one or two or three indestructible images of your people. With me it is the great-great uncle, U. S. Senator Henry S. Foote—rascal, charlatan, courageous foe of secession and bitter enemy of Jefferson Davis (whom he once defeated for governor of Mississippi)—campaigning throughout the South against the mounting hysteria for Douglas and the Northern Democrats in 1860. It is great-grandfather George W. Harper, editor of the *Hinds County Gazette,* turning to one-mule dirt farming after the Federal troops deposited his printing press in the town well. Harper fathered sixteen children, all honorable by their own lights; only the youngest, my grandmother, remains. The last time we went to the cemetery we were unable to find a single Harper. Their graves were sunk down, overgrown, and hopelessly lost. Some yards away were the graves of a few dozen Federal troops killed in an unimportant skirmish in 1863. Their graves are well-kept—watered and flowered every year by the townspeople. You can find symbolism in this curious juxtaposition, I suppose, but the symbolism will not help you find the Harpers.

I am not quite sure what the Footes and the Harpers would have done when Governor Barnett inspired the clash at the University of Mississippi last fall. Since I assign to them neither an excess of virtue nor of evil, my guess is that, like a number of Mississippi editors, housewives, and sons of God after the murder of Emmett Till and the Battle

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of Ole Miss, they would have kept quiet. Yet to the vast majority of Mississippians today, even quiet is suspect. The tragedy of Mississippi is the tragedy of a society which not only does not allow dissent, but equates even silence with a kind of disloyalty. With a handful of exceptions, Mississippi is a monolith; its soul-force is its burning and ravaging and gnawing hatred. Last year, in front of a Baptist Church in Austin, Texas, there was a sentence displayed on its bulletin board: "If you want to keep a man down, you have to stay down with him." Since Mississippians have given so much of themselves to keep the Negro down, they themselves have lost some essential part of their own humanity. There is only this overriding consideration: to keep the black man down; so determined are they, so great is their fear and hatred, that even with the more sophisticated among them life is a thing of empty social ritual, intellection is shabby and false, and even in their hate there is an almost lifeless formalism. Growing up in Mississippi, you have the hatred nurtured in your bones. If it is not your parents who do the nurturing, then it is someone else; it is almost *everything* else.

For the child the moment comes early when he is forbidden to be friends with little Negroes; from that moment on he begins to sense hatred in the very atmosphere, a living, breathing, electric thing, hatred institutionalized and embodied. This is what that hatred is: As a child of seven or eight, it is sitting on the floor of a crowded room in the police station and hearing your father tell the Negro who had been caught stealing in your neighborhood, "Nigger, if you even walk down that side of the street again and I see you, I'll blow your head off with both barrels of my shotgun." It is what compels you, as a boy of nine or ten, to lurk in the shrubbery while the little Negro child walks down the sidewalk with his mother, and to jump out and knock him to the ground with your fists. It is the admonition of the white doctor, as I heard him three years ago when a friend brought to the doctor's house an old field hand who had pneumonia, "Nigger, what's so wrong with you to disturb a doctor at night?" It is what you see in the school auditorium, one night in 1955, when the fathers of your schoolmates sit on a stage before a crowded audience and organize a Citizens Council to punish fifty Negroes who had signed an NAACP petition: no jobs, no loans, no groceries. It is the silence from the churches when two delta ruffians kill a Negro child from Chicago for looking at a white woman. It is the student at the state university saying of Faulkner, who had noted that a society which condones the killing of little children not only does not deserve to survive but probably will not, that he is a crazy drunk hot in pursuit of Northern money, and that his books make no sense anyway.

The average white Mississippian has no more natural evil or savagery than the average West German or Englishman or citizen of Yonkers, New York. Having been nurtured on his hate and shared in it, I have little cause for self-righteousness. What I do have is a monstrous

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shame, and I know full well that, trapped in its own institutionalized hate, landlocked in it like some dead and ancient sea, Mississippi is doomed to yet greater shame and violence.

II

The one hope concerning Mississippi lies in its progressive isolation from the rest of the South. This is happening now. There are deep forces at work in other Southern states which are largely absent in Mississippi. (Alabama may still be adamant, but at least it has an industrial Birmingham.) So far as I can see, the growing enlightenment of its younger white generation, which one occasionally hears about, is a fiction; enlightenment has been at a certain premium, at any rate, on the University of Mississippi campus. The educated young whites are leaving the state almost as rapidly as the more restless young Negroes. The whites of the "educated" class who stay behind, in the experience of my hometown, are those young men whose fathers have set them up in the tire or used car or cotton business, and whose sense of independence is not what one would call Gandhian. On visits back home they drive you into corners. They have fire in their eyes. They want to make sure you haven't *changed.* "If I let my kids go to school with niggers," one of the up-and-coming young deacons at the Methodist Church told my wife, "how will they know they're better than the niggers?" Some argue, as a young man from Florida told me at a gathering in San Francisco recently, that all the trouble comes from the rednecks, the Snopses. But I have seen enough solid middle-class hatred in Mississippi to last a lifetime.

It was difficult to be surprised by the violence which broke out last fall at the University of Mississippi. Ole Miss is an institutional symbol, a pseudo-genteel outpost of brainless young beauties, incipient drunks, and winning football teams. Faulkner was not allowed to speak there. The rioting and the mayhem, of course, would have destroyed the school's reputation, if it had had one; it could lose its accreditation and not know it. The occasional good student who graduates from Ole Miss usually leaves the state, never to come back. A friend of mine, a Rhodes Scholar from Ole Miss, had been assured by three faculty members before he left for England to do an advanced law degree that the two or three courses he still lacked for his undergraduate law degree at Mississippi would automatically be absolved when he passed his examinations in England. He was a bright young man, full of the regional courtesies, but with an uncommon amount of independence. He thought he might come home and go into Mississippi politics. In the course of two years, as it happened, the three professors who had advised him at Ole Miss had either left the place or been driven out. He had to come back to finish his undergraduate work, and when I visited him at Ole Miss the summer he had come home from England, he was spending all his time outside of class getting drunk in front of an electric fan. (It

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is an axiom of survival that when the exile returns to Mississippi, he gets by on bootleg bourbon, usually chased with legal beer.) He had tried, he said, to keep to himself and get out as quickly as possible, but he was becoming more and more subject to wild outbursts in the school cafeteria against the smug young racists who had been praising Eastland and Barnett's good form on television from the Democratic national convention. Now my friend lives in New York.

As for what is happening among the school's faculty, one can only wonder. Some newspaper would be performing a public service if it conducted a survey among the professors at the University of Mississippi to find out how many are staying and how many leaving. Academicians in America are not particularly noted for an excess of verve, but after the events of the last few months, the ones at Mississippi must at least fear for the inviolability of their wives and children, if not for their own honor. A professor at a California university tells me that he looked around for one, but failed to find a single member of the Ole Miss English faculty at the convention of English professors in Washington last December. This convention, I understand, is a kind of national employment pool; it is where young teachers are recruited. But it would take a man of superhuman qualities, no doubt, to persuade a teacher to pay his scholarship on a battlefield.* Isolation from the American intellectual community, isolation from civilized values, isolation from the rest of the South seem almost inevitable for Mississippi.

III

Many Texans were disturbed to acknowledge that their state's major contribution to the Ole Miss riots was not the unalloyed criticism of most of its daily press, or the telegram from the student leaders at the University of Texas praising Meredith for his courage, or the student demonstrations supporting Meredith, or the many public statements from teachers and clergymen assailing the actions of the Mississippians, but General Edwin Walker's call to violence. Walker, who got more than 135,000 votes for governor of Texas the previous summer, summoned all good citizens to join him in the Battle of Ole Miss. He succeeded in drawing forth a more active segment of the underside of Southern humanity, for whom he ranks as the leading statesmen. One of the out-of-state militiaman who must have been stirred by his call to rebellion came to Mississippi from Georgia, the wire services reported, and sat near a dormitory window during the rioting, firing into the crowds. Groups of little boys roamed the streets of the town, where Faulkner's *Intruder in the Dust* has been filmed a few years before, throwing rocks and bottles. Walker climbed a Confederate statue on the campus and

* A well-known New York journalist who recently spent several days on the campus told me the administration is having an extremely difficult time finding replacements for the many professors who are leaving. Vacancies are being filled with academic driftwood. Of the eight white students who shared meals with Meredith in the school cafeteria during the fall semester, not a single one is now enrolled.

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said, "I want to compliment you on the protest you have made here tonight. You have a right to protest under the Constitution." Later, when the violence and bloodshed were at high tide, he asked the mob not to continue: "This," he said, "is not the road to Cuba." They jeered him down. In the end the "swelling response" which Walker found his appeal to have inspired consisted of chronic racists armed with .22's, rednecks armed with pipes and bludgeons, fraternity boys armed with stones, all crazy with hate and smelling blood. The "honor of the Confederacy" was on exhibit.

Texas had little cause to rejoice in this deranged contribution. Yet in its basic aspects, Texas is another world from Mississippi. It is as pluralistic as Mississippi is monolithic; it is free, it stimulates dissent, things are happening. For the past two years I was editor of a leftward weekly there, *The Texas Observer*. Since I came to California several people have inquired, in a civil, campus way, if it did not take an undue amount of courage to publish an outspoken journal in the South. In Mississippi I admit it would take more courage than I now have at my disposal, but in Texas it takes no courage at all. At the time we were operating on a healthy subsidy,* and our freedom to express ourselves was absolute. We were read by most of the state's intellectuals and by the great majority of the practicing politicians. As the only influential liberal publication in the state (there were two or three other weeklies of that persuasion) *The Observer* found itself something of a revered institution in its own country. State government itself is an anachronism, a great deal of sound and fury exerted in a vacuum, but not so the provincial politics of reform, which is increasingly embracing the important national and international issues. And although Texas is still the citadel of some of the most corrosive wealth known to man, it has produced an impressive number of hard-headed political activists, young liberal and radical intellectuals. Texas has become, in the post-War years, an industrial, urban society; its labor-liberal-Negro-Mexican coalition, tenacious and growing, is setting an example for other of the more progressive states of the South. The strength of this coalition, within a developing two-party system, was clearly demonstrated in the Democratic primaries last summer when a young Houston lawyer, Don Yarborough, conducting the most completely liberal campaign of any statewide candidate in the South in this century, got 49 percent of the 1.2 million votes. On statewide television, Yarborough said he favored an end to racial discrimination—"both public and private." In Mississippi, a mere 300 miles to the east, this declaration would not have gone unchallenged (in fact, I am not sure the man would have survived it); in Texas it did. Racism is dead in statewide campaigning. The Negro bloc, increasingly numerous and well-organized, finds itself courted by all factions.

* But no longer. The paper has gone fortnightly, and under the excellent editorship of Ronnie Dugger is paying its own way, which is unusual to the point of sacrilege.

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Although there is a distressingly long way to go, the lesson to be learned from Texas is that the one indispensable instrument for meaningful advancement of the Negro is the franchise. The hope for racial justice in the Southern states most assuredly does not lie in some imaginary curing of the Southern split-personality (whatever that may be; although writers like Robert Penn Warren seem to argue from that thesis). Nor does it lie, as other white Southern liberals vaguely suggest, in the forging in fire, with each passing racial crisis, of the white man's psyche. I am more concerned with what happens to Meredith's psyche, and others like him. It lies primarily, as a first step, in the Negro vote. Without the vote, all those goals which the Negro, with his white ally, has set for himself remain politically inaccessible; with it, the Negro can become less and less the ward of the white man.

In the meantime, one can only feel a deep admiration for the new generation of young Negroes in the South. The Negro undergraduates picketing the theaters at the University of Texas (and winning), the 187 students whose conviction for demonstrating in front of the South Carolina capitol has just been reversed by the Supreme Court, the young children who face the mobs every September, Meredith surrounded and insulted in the Ole Miss cafeteria—these courageous young souls embody today, in their honor and dignity, the best and most enduring of the Southern tradition itself. The South would do well to be proud of them; perhaps someday, in the far future, it will.

SOME MORE FACTS

No Negro boy or young apprentice attending high school or vocational training school need learn the following trades; after school he will not be admitted into the unions in these fields:

plumbing
bricklaying
electrical work
much of printing

*

7 per cent of the employable white population is out of work today.
13.8 per cent of the employable Negro population is out of work today.

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Martin Luther King:

"I GUESS IT IS EASY FOR THOSE WHO HAVE NEVER FELT THE STINGING DARTS OF SEGREGATION TO SAY 'WAIT'"

When Martin Luther King, the leader of the Southern Negroes, recently found himself in a Birmingham jail, he sat down to write an answer to a letter which eight Alabama (white) religious figures had sent declaring the Negro protests to be "unwise and untimely." King's letter is a superb argument for civil rights, and we wish we had the space to print the whole of it. But here, at least, is a crucial section in which he takes up the cant of "moderation," the cry of those who keep urging the Negroes to "wait":

For years now I have heard the word "Wait!" It rings in the ear of every Negro with a piercing familiarity. This "Wait" has always meant "Never." It has been a tranquilizing thalidomide, relieving the emotional stress for a moment, only to give birth to an ill-formed infant of frustration. We must come to see with the distinguished jurist of yesterday that "justice too long delayed is justice denied."

We have waited for more than three hundred and forty years for our Constitutional and God-given rights. The nations of Asia and Africa are moving with jet-like speed toward the goal of political independence, and we still creep at horse and buggy pace toward the gaining of a cup of coffee at a lunch counter. I guess it is easy for those who have never felt the stinging darts of segregation to say, "Wait."

But when you have seen vicious mobs lynch your mothers and fathers at will and drown your sisters and brothers at whim; when you have seen hate-filled policemen curse, kick, brutalize and even kill your black brothers and sisters with impunity; when you see the vast majority of your 20,000,000 Negro brothers smothering in an air-tight society; when you suddenly find your tongue twisted and your speech stammering as you seek to explain to your 6-year-old daughter why she can't go to the public amusement park that has just been advertised on television, and see tears welling up in her little eyes when she is told that Funtown is closed to colored children, and see the depressing clouds of inferiority begin to form in her little mental sky, and see her begin to distort her little personality by unconsciously developing a bitterness toward white people; when you have to concoct an answer for a 5-year-old son asking in agonizing pathos: "Daddy, why do white people treat colored people so mean?"; when you take a cross country drive and find it necessary to sleep night after night in the uncomfortable corners of your automobile because no motel will accept you; when you are humiliated day in and day out by nagging signs reading "white" men and "colored," when your first name becomes "nigger" and your middle name becomes "boy" (however old you are) and your last name becomes "John," and when your wife and mother are never given the respected title "Mrs."; when you are harried by day and haunted by night by the fact that you are a Negro, living constantly at tip-toe stance never quite knowing what to expect next, and plagued with inner fears and outer resentments; when you are forever fighting a degenerating sense of "nobodiness"—then you will understand why we find it difficult to wait.

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Jack Minnis

COURAGE AND TERROR IN MISSISSIPPI

On March 20, 1963 the Greenwood, Mississippi *Commonwealth* carried side-by-side two editorials which graphically illustrate the inability of Southern whites to understand what is happening to their "way of life." One editorial, entitled "A History Lesson," chided Latin American oligarchs for failing to see that they could not preserve untouched their system of control over the wealth of their societies. Latin Americans were advised to distribute a slice of bread here and there, lest they lose the loaf. The other editorial, entitled "That's a Lot of Free Food," dealt in a quite jocular vein with the fact that upwards of 50 per cent of the people in several surrounding counties were recipients of federal surplus commodities. It pointed out that in the Mississippi Delta fully one-third of the people were receiving commodities and that the ratio would be higher had not some counties refused to distribute the federal surplus to any except those qualifying under state welfare regulations.

The editorial applauded the authorities of Leflore County (Greenwood is the county seat) for refusing to distribute commodities because "welfare cheating has turned public opinion against the dole." The sense of the editorial was that Negroes who had no real need for the free food were taking it, presumably out of a desire to do evil for its own sake. The editor could "think of nothing except flagrant abuse which would create a climate in which it is popular to turn hungry people away from available food."

The editor could see that the oligarchs of Latin America can no longer ignore the needs of the people; he was blind to the same conditions in Mississippi.

II

In 1960 all the Delta counties had a majority of Negroes. The proportion of Negroes ranged from 52 per cent to 79 per cent. In Leflore County it is 65 per cent. The median family income in Leflore County was near the highest of any in the delta—$2,285. Sixty per cent of Leflore County families had income under $3,000.

The Delta is economically dominated by the production of cotton. Greenwood styles itself the "Long-Staple Cotton Capital of the World." In the days of slavery Negroes were the basic "machinery" of cotton production and, though cotton production is rapidly changing to other forms of "machinery," the attitudes of the white oligarchs toward Negroes remain much the same as in pre-Civil War days. As these human "machines" become obsolete in the production of cotton, the whites see them only as public charges burdensome to the

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pocketbook and embarrassing to the "image" of prosperity it has become fashionable to create.

An unusually dry spring and summer severely limited the necessity for cotton chopping last year, and thereby considerably reduced the amount of employment for Negroes in the Delta. In November 1962 the Mississippi Employment Security Commission reported that "The farm worker [read Negro] who has traditionally looked toward cotton picking as a means of laying up some winter money has had an uncommonly thin season. Wage rates . . . have averaged lower than in recent years. Machines have picked a record portion of the crop." Unemployment among Delta Negroes was widespread during the summer and fall, and destitution during the winter months.

In late August a program of political education was begun among Delta Negroes by the Council of Federated Organizations, a group comprising the leadership of the major civil rights groups. The Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee supplied a director, Robert Moses, for the program, as well as most of the workers. Six Delta counties, including Leflore, were selected as target areas. The idea was to encourage Negroes to look upon registering and voting as a way of alleviating the deprivations with which Mississippi burdens them at birth.

The program faced two serious obstacles—the hostility of the whites and the despair of the Negroes. The whites had behind them the full power of local government, which carried out a continuing policy of harassment, intimidation and violence against the the SNCC workers. Time after time they were arrested on obviously specious charges; fines were outrageous, jail sentences long, police handling rough. SNCC workers could not look to the authorities for protection from hostile whites; indeed the authorities were likely to encourage and participate in sporadic acts of violence.

Many of the Negroes resisted the idea that registering and voting were not exclusively "white man's business." It was even more difficult to convince them that it would do any good to brave the white man's wrath at the registrar's office.

Leflore was the most hostile of the six counties selected as target areas. For several weeks Sam Block, the worker assigned to Greenwood, was unable to find a place to live and had to commute back and forth from Cleveland, in neighboring Bolivar County. When he finally did find Negroes who were willing to take the risk of giving him shelter, Block had to keep moving from home to home in order not to bring too much "heat" upon any one family. In September, the office he had set up in Greenwood was raided by a gang of whites armed with guns, clubs and rope, and threatening a lynching. He and two coworkers were forced to flee from a second story window.

One of the greatest problems of the workers was the destitution of the Negroes and the fact that any Negro who had even a pittance of income from a white employer was afraid to jeopardize it. The workers were continually asked: "If I lose my job, will you help feed my family?" By late fall a number of Negro families identified with the program were evicted from farms and plantations where they had worked for years.

The Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee had, early in the fall, begun an appeal for food, clothing

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and medicine in other parts of the country. By late fall thousands of pounds of supplies were beginning to pour in. As these were distributed, the workers urged Negroes to make the attempt to register.

In October, the Leflore County board of Supervisors voted to stop distributing federal surplus commodities. They said they saw no need for it. The registration workers argued that the authorities were penalizing Negroes who had tried to register. Whatever the motivation of the Leflore County authorities, it is simply a fact that there was great need among Leflore County Negroes.

On February 13, the registration workers in Greenwood made the first distribution of supplies and announced that there would be a weekly distribution thereafter. Negroes were urged publicly and privately by whites not to accept these supplies from "outsiders." Understandably, the Negroes ignored this advice.

On February 20 four Negro businesses in Greenwood just one block from the registration office were burned down. Sam Block told newsmen that he was convinced this was an effort to intimidate registration workers who had been taking more and more people to the registrar's office as availability of supplies bolstered confidence in the workers. On February 22, Block was arrested by Greenwood police and charged, because of this accusation, with "making statements calculated to incite breach of the peace." At Block's trial, February 25, 150 Negroes packed the Leflore County courthouse to hear him refuse to accept a suspended sentence on the condition he stop all civil rights activities. Two hunded Negroes for whom there was no room gathered outside the courthouse.

On February 26 and 27 more than one hundred fifty Negroes went to the county courthouse to register. This show of determination on the part of the Negroes was unprecedented in the Mississippi Delta.

On February 28 three white gunmen sprayed gunfire into a car occupied by three registration workers on the highway just west of Greenwood. Jimmy Travis was wounded in the neck and shoulder.

The response of the registration workers to this violence was to announce that all resources would be be committed to intensifying Negro registration in Leflore County.

III

The Kennedy Administration and the Department of Agriculture had been under continuing pressure from the registration workers and various other organizations to move into Leflore County and distribute surplus commodities if the county authorities continued to refuse to do so.

Early in March the U.S. Justice Department made a survey of Leflore County to determine the need for commodity distribution. As a result, representatives of the Department of Agriculture met with Leflore County authorities and on March 21, it was announced that commodity distribution would be resumed in April, with the Department supplying $15,000 for the cost of distribution (this cost is ordinarily borne by the county—it appears to have been a sort of bribe to the county by the federal government).

Meanwhile, on March 6 another shooting attempt was made against registration workers in Greenwood; on March 24 the registration office was

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burned down and on March 26 two shotgun blasts were fired into the home of one of the registration workers.

When the workers, accompanied by a large group of Greenwood Negroes, gathered at the City Hall on March 27 to ask for police protection as they went to the courthouse to register, they were threatened with a police dog. When they went to the courthouse ten of the registration workers were arrested.

What followed is by now familiar: the continued demonstrations, the arrests, the final intervention of the U.S. Justice Department and the compromise by which Justice agreed to withdraw its complaint if the arrested workers were released.

In March and early April more than 1,000 Negroes in Leflore County tried to register. It is difficult to say how deeply they realized the full implications of what they were doing. Certainly some did, and just as certainly some didn't. Nevertheless, it is clear that what Negroes of Greenwood, indeed of the South and the nation, want is full participation in the benefits of an advanced industrial society. They want decent housing and clothing and food, adequate educational and job opportunities for themselves and their children, and relief from racial discrimination. And more and more they are coming to seek these things, as they demonstrated in Greenwood, through the use of the ballot.

This is the lesson of Greenwood. But the editor of the Greenwood *Commonwealth* and presumably most of his white readers were able to see only "lazy, shiftless" malcontents bent upon "cheating" the welfare program. This was the white attitude in a situation where the issues were crystal clear to anyone with a willingness to understand, however reluctantly, the dynamics of social change.

Does the political and economic elite of the United States understand any better than the *Commonwealth* that American Negroes are setting out to carve themselves a larger and more succulent piece of the great American pie? They will do their carving through the established, lawful, orderly political processes if they can. But, regardless, carve they will.

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Daniel M. Friedenberg

A FABIAN PROGRAM FOR AMERICA

Preface

In the Spring of 1962 a serious attempt was made to create a Neo-Fabian Society in New York City. Spearheaded by Robert B. Silvers, an editor at *Harper's,* William Phillips, co-editor of *Partisan Review,* Stanley Plastrik, an editor of DISSENT, Dennis Wrong, sociologist, and myself, a group of writers and editors met several times in an attempt to set up a serious forum which might deal with socialist ideas and ideals.

I was given the task of drafting a program for the group. The first result was analyzed by Messrs. Silvers and Wrong in a creative spirit, and the program was rewritten. Henry Pachter and H. Brand, editors of DISSENT, added further sharp criticism, some of whose points were incorporated into the finished text. But I take full responsibility for the essay, which basically has not been altered.

The attempt to create this Neo-Fabian Society failed due to skepticism. Possibly distinguished writers and editors do not have time for such endeavors. Possibly the intellectual climate of the United States is too anarchistic, the economic structure too rich in times of prosperity, to support such a body. But if the readers of DISSENT feel they might be interested in another attempt, based on a set of values similar to those expressed in this Program, please communicate with me through the magazine. We can always try again. The need is great.

•

The United States of America today is a country which has 6 per cent of the world population and produces 40 per cent of its wealth. The standard of living of many of the citizens and their cultural contribution in no way reflect this imbalance. Almost 6 per cent of all American adults are permanently unemployed, the proportion more than doubling among minority groups, and at least 10 per cent of factory capacity is idle. America has the slowest industrial growth among the advanced nations.

It has often been suggested that the sluggish economy of the United States is a result of our much cherished liberty; freedom of individual choice and freedom from economic coercion. If true, this should be reflected in broadened opportunity for the mass of the citizens.

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The reverse is apparent. The top of the wealth pyramid gets bigger but the base does not change. In 1900 there were 3,000 millionaires in the United States. In 1960, despite graduated income and inheritance taxes, the number of millionaires rose to 27,000. On a proportionate basis, the millionaires expanded at a rate over three times population growth during the period. But this is only one index. One per cent of all families in the 1960s own almost 80 per cent of all individually-held corporate stocks. This wealthiest one per cent owns 28 per cent of the nation's entire personal wealth. On the other hand, the poorest third of the population, when lumped together, owns just one per cent of the material assets—and it is astonishing but true that 20 per cent of the homes in the United States still lack plumbing. According to Federal Bureau of Labor statistics, 24 per cent of all Americans have substandard incomes. Leon Keyserling, a leading American economist, claims that 40 per cent of the families live in poverty or deprivation. Though the rich get richer, it is apparent the poor stay far behind in the classic land of freedom and opportunity.

The reason for this contradictory set of affairs must be sought beneath the clichés spilled out by our popular press, radio and television networks. It is simple. The system of political democracy in America, today as from its inception, is the outer wrapping for a continued economic dominance on the part of a small group which in reality controls the legislative process and adjusts the laws that ensure its supremacy. These benefits are then passed along generation to generation in the form of superior education and opportunity, creating an internal stability which is mistaken by the superficial observer to indicate a beneficent social order.

The economic dominance is maintained by methods varying with the particular sources of wealth most capable of being tapped at any specific historical moment. In our present society they may be broken into three categories, with the most obvious devices briefly touched on:

I

THE ECONOMIC ELITE LIGHTENS OR ESCAPES ITS SHARE OF TAXES

A. Capital gains tax. Sale of property after six months is subject to only 25 per cent tax on the profits, regardless of the tax bracket of the individual or corporation. Since 1945 the value of all the land in the United States has almost tripled, and the suburban lands around big cities have risen far more in proportion. Land values in Florida, New Mexico, Arizona and much of California have been shooting up between 25 and 50 per cent a year since 1950. Quite a few stock companies—including such commonly known ones as American Home Products, Connecticut General Life, IBM, McGraw-Hill Publishing Co., Texas Instruments and Zenith Radio—advanced over 500 per cent in market price in the decade of the 1950s. Real estate and stock sales are

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among those principally benefited by this law. Capital gains is the underground well from which most riches pour.

B. Depletion allowances. Enormous tax-free allowances are granted in certain favored fields, particularly oil, coal, timber and metals. The Texas and Oklahoma oil millionaries are a product of this device.

C. Accelerated depreciation. Similar tax-free allowances are bestowed on holders of improved real estate, machinery and certain other capital goods. More millionaires have been created in real estate since World War II than in any other field, almost exclusively due to this provision.

D. Freedom from double taxation. Corporation profits are taxed and dividends to the individual stockholders taxed again personally, but exceptions are allowed to this rule. Syndication in real estate is the primary method, but recent laws permit corporations in other types of business to be taxed as partnerships, leading to the same result.

E. Foreign tax havens. Overseas earnings of foreign subsidiaries are not taxed until returned to the United States as dividends. These earnings are taxed at a much lower rate in many foreign countries, leaving a great total differential or benefit. The laws regarding this matter have recently been tightened but the loophole has not been completely eliminated.

F. Special legislation. Laws are often passed benefiting a special group of the rich. The recent Du Pont-General Motors legislation is a particularly illuminating example.

G. Tax-exempt municipal bonds. These bonds, which return up to 5 per cent, are totally excluded from taxation. With an income of $50,000 per annum, a 4% return on a municipal tax-exempt bond is the equal of a 16% return on a taxable security. No sound common stock provides a yield anywhere near 16%. One can see why President Kennedy put his recent trust fund receipts (derived themselves from real estate) into municipal bonds.

H. Inside knowledge. Movements, especially in the stock market affecting certain stocks and in real estate due to decisions involving roads, bridges and tunnels, create sharp rises in values. To know in advance is very lucrative.

I. Tax-exempt foundations and holding companies. Usually foundations have the equivalent of Class A and B stock, voting rights and ownership so adjusted that individuals get enormous benefits. Congressman Patman of Texas has indicated many examples of this practice in his recent probe of foundations. Holding companies serve to freeze the value of stock at a certain point so that future increases are free of inheritance taxes.

J. Gift tax exemptions. Besides a lifetime gift tax exemption of $30,000 per person (or $60,000 if the wife joins in), a married taxpayer is allowed to give $6,000 to as many different individuals as he likes each year free of gift tax. For example, a rich couple, with four married children respectively having three children of their own, can give away free of all taxes $120,000 per year—four children with their respective

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mates are eight adults; three children each of four couples makes twelve children, or a total of twenty persons, all of whom can receive $6,000 exempt from gift taxes. In less than a decade, over a million dollars can be passed through three generations free of inheritance taxes by means of this device.

II

THE ECONOMIC ELITE INCREASES ITS REAL INCOME BY SHIFTING COSTS TO OTHER BODIES, CONTROLLED CORPORATIONS OR THE GENERAL PUBLIC

A. Pension and life insurance funds, as well as profit sharing plans. The trick of these apparently decent and innocent devices is that the benefits steeply rise for the higher salary brackets, and the plan rules can be juggled by qualifying limitations of age, length of employment, etc., to weight them heavily in favor of highly paid old-time executives. A total of up to 25 per cent of the total compensation paid during a year to all participating employees can be assigned, which is the reason that pension funds are the most flourishing aspect of the insurance business today. The advantages are even greater in that the pension money can be taken at policy maturity in a lump sum, subject only to an individual capital gains rather than a normal income tax. Tax-sheltered pensions for the self-employed were authorized by the last session of Congress, which increases the range of this particular gimmick.

B. Stock options. The insider, the corporate officer, can obtain options on stock which is rising and then exercise them within a prescribed period, to his immense advantage. Stock warrants and convertible bonds have similar advantages. George Romney, a Republican "people's candidate," received stock options at less than $10 a share from American Motors in 1954. In 1958 he borrowed money to exercise his options, bringing him $900,00 without a cent of personal investment. He announced at the time he would use much of this cash to exercise additional options.

C. Free professional benefits. Corporate officers and their financial lackeys can partake of free medical, legal, accounting, educational and miscellaneous benefits of every type, ranging from first night theatre tickets (through charitable contributions) to country club memberships. Since these come at no cost whatsoever, instead of being paid for after taxes at high brackets, their value is almost incalculable.

D. Expense accounts. It is said that fifty per cent of the expensive restaurants and night clubs would close within the year if corporate expense accounts were eliminated; far from being an exaggeration, this estimate is conservative. The present Administration tried to curtail expense accounts, but the attempt was to the large extent abandoned under heavy pressure from the business community.

E. Favoritism. "Title I" in real estate is creating a new group of millionaires feeding on the condemnation power of the municipalities,

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the work being assigned through personal contacts rather than sealed bids. Federal stockpiling of precious metals has also been a gimmick by which favored individuals get a tremendous return on a guaranteed investment, as witness the recent Hanna Company scandal involving George M. Humphrey, Eisenhower's Secretary of the Treasury.

F. Federal subsidies. Those involving farming (and today farming is dominated by a small group, like any other big business) and the merchant marine are the most obvious. Actually, most war research and production are on a 100 per cent cost-plus profit basis, and fields such as communications satellites, munitions and aircraft are in effect guaranteed a good profit regardless of results. In 1961, 86 per cent of Defense Department contracts were awarded without competitive bidding.

G. Elimination of competition in heavy industry. The recent revelations involving price-fixing of General Electric and Westinghouse are well known, as is the deliberately aborted probe into steel price-fixing. Oil interests have now been indicted by the Federal government. There are strong indications this practice permeates almost all basic industry.

III

THE ECONOMIC ELITE DOMINATES PUBLIC REGULATORY AGENCIES WHICH ARE THEORETICALLY CREATED TO SERVE THE PUBLIC INTEREST

A. Insurance companies. The purpose of public regulation has in fact degenerated to setting rates at the level of the most inefficient producer. "Rate setting" is a racket all by itself, covered over by rationalizations concerned with technical bookkeeping operations such as replacement costs, depreciation and the base on which profit percentages are calculated. A study of the rise in value of insurance stocks reveals this immediately.

B. Utility companies. The measure of the value of regulatory agencies can be seen by noting the names of the persons appointed to these agencies; the "watchdogs" most often come from the ranks of those they are supposed to watch. The Public Service Commissions are largely projections of the private groups they aid.

C. Housing authorities. The whole vast array of government subsidies for housing—land condemnation, mortgage placements, mortgage guarantees, percentage of builder equity—has led to a proliferation of what might be termed "legal corruption"; slum clearance has become a device whereby middle class and upper class housing is built by government money for the benefit of private individuals at the expense of displaced minority groups. Rather than the public being served (if the poor may also be considered part of the public), the public is used by the tacit connivance of housing authorities in a private system of personal profits.

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Individually or in combination, these various methods lead to a

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continued domination of the economy by the select few. This control would seem to thwart the leveling purposes implied by graduated income and inheritance tax rates. But such "liberal" views are only a surface judgment. For the truth is that loopholes to exempt the economic elite are *deliberately* written into legislation. When, for example, the Du Ponts are adversely affected by a court decision regarding their stock holdings in General Motors, Congress suspends all other business of state and passes a special law allowing them to treat the receipt of General Motors stock as a distribution of capital—thus lowering the tax very considerably.

The economic elite stays in power through control of the legislative branch of government. Congressmen and senators are beholden to these overpowering economic interests. On the crudest level, as in the South (as was true throughout the rest of the country in earlier periods), this control is maintained by disenfranchising a large part of the electorate. In normal practice, it is through organized pressure groups: real estate operates through the National Association of Real Estate Boards, big farmers through the Farm Bureau, medicine through the American Medical Association. Key interests, such as those groups concerned with the depletion allowance, are represented by one of their own, as, for example, the late Senator Robert S. Kerr, Democrat of Oklahoma, whose personal wealth was said before his recent death to be over $35 million compared to only $1 million a decade ago. On the most sophisticated level, almost the entire press and communication media—itself a leading element of the economic elite—is organized to ignore or slant news, including false information, thus creating a general apathy toward the real issues. And everywhere, whether farm or big city ward, that so-called rock of democracy, the primary process, can be influenced to the point that most candidates are controlled or determined before the actual electoral contest. It is no accident that rich men tend to be almost the only candidates for the highest offices; they alone can "deliver" the primary vote. The recent history of the Democratic Party primary fight in West Virginia, which determined Kennedy's candidacy for President, is an excellent example. Joseph P. Kennedy, the President's father, stated the victory was no accident—and he ought to know.

In a moment of cynicism, Henry Adams once defined democracy as a system of government of the people, by the people, for the benefit of senators. Certainly these senators draw great benefits out of their allegiance with the economic elite, which they either belong to or become absorbed in. Indeed, much of the identification of legislators with this elite is automatic and unreflective. They are members of the same class, they share the same interests and tend to identify these interests with the good of the nation. "What's good for General Motors is good for the country" is a genuine expression of this view. Much of the identity is also based on less spontaneous grounds. For to become a congressman or senator is also a way of rising in the world and there are few of these men who leave office poorer or with poorer expectations than when en-

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tering. The process is not, with minor exceptions, direct corruption in the manner of Latin America. But those who serve a master get paid in some coin of the realm. Lawyers are assured of more prosperous clients. Business men gain higher corporate office. Bureaucrats enter a more elevated level of the government machinery. And contacts, those keys to the kingdom of finance, are established and nurtured. Mr. Richard M. Nixon, a poor man, became Vice-President of the U.S. under Eisenhower. He recently purchased a cooperative apartment on New York's Fifth Avenue for $135,000. This illustrates the whole process in capsule. In a way we thus have a perverted species of socialism, what might be called ironically Socialism for the Rich, in reality state capitalism.

Indeed, the system tends to be self-perpetuating. As there are "cotton" senators and "silver" senators and "sugar beet" senators and "oil" senators and "private utility" senators, elected and reelected to protect the interests of their clients, so the benefits of being legislators in themselves are sufficiently delightful to ensure subservience to the status quo. Not only do senators and congressmen get most of the benefits of high corporate officials—subsidized meals and lodging, foreign travel, free publicity, favors to friends through the "pork barrel" system—but they also obtain such items as free medical treatment which they promptly denounce as socialism when it comes to their supposed constituents, the general taxpayers. A recent study has indicated it costs the American public $275,000 each year to keep a member of Congress in Washington. Under the circumstances, what legislator wants to upset the applecart?

Modified Oligarchy

Our system of government might then technically be defined as a modified oligarchy: modified in the sense that the general electorate through the vote does possess the theoretic power to ameliorate the rigor of the economic elite and does so in spasms, mainly during periods of depression; oligarchy in the sense that the economic elite attempts to, and often succeeds in diluting the public will by assimilating all measures to its own needs through devices such as previously outlined. And the development of science and industrialism, free of European feudal restrictions, served to raise the standard of living to the point where the general white American population continues to feel a positive identification with this modified oligarchic structure.

Not only domestic policy, but foreign policy as well, is conducted in the interest of this economic elite. The history of the tie-in between the United Fruit Company and the organs of state is too well known to bear repeating; because of it we almost had a Communist regime (and still may have) in Guatemala. But this is only one egregious example. Our entire policy in the Caribbean area has been poisoned by these special interests, Cuba being only the latest and sharpest illustration. If Juan José Arévalo's famous book *Fable of the Shark and the Sardines* (the shark being the U.S. and the sardines the Latin American

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countries) is wrong in considering as one body the Pentagon, the State Department and Wall Street, there is sufficient smoke to identify some fire. And when lobbying by a private company fearful of expropriation can almost upset the entire Alliance for Progress program in Brazil, it indicates that legislative patriotism is often equated with the financial statements of a few select corporations; which, ironically, are already operating on a favored tax position not available to small business in the United States itself.

Destroying the power of the economic elite to dominate the legislative process for its own benefit, is the cornerstone on which a more rational society can be created in America. Only through curtailing this power can our country use its wealth effectively for the general welfare and not for a small minority. The aim of wealth should not be merely to enrich executives and stockholders, but to enhance the lives of the citizens producing this wealth. And new goals must be sought to make our values less money-ridden, to free us from the automatic identification of money with success, to create a new vision of the American as a man who cherishes the comforts of life but, acknowledging they must be available to all citizens regardless of birth and background, still views these comforts as only a part of the good life, as a basis and a basis only upon which the good life is built.

Towards a Policy

But radical changes are necessary before such a new meaning can rise out of the heart of America. Some of these may be tentatively suggested:

A. Social equality within more reasonable limits is demanded simply because it is just. To a large extent it is the low wages of the urban and rural poor that make our cities and farms rich, and the poor are entitled as a matter of right and not charity to basic protections—to adequate housing, equal access to medical and maternal assistance, social security for the very young and old. High rents must be eliminated; they are the result of the unjust profits from speculation due to inflation and greater population densities—i.e., profits created by society and not the individual. All men are entitled to free medical attention as they are to free air and sunshine.

B. A just society must provide job security. This specifically refers to protection from technological unemployment. Automation is a curse, not a blessing, when human beings are merely considered one of several factors in the cost of production. Job retraining must be offered to the old as well as the young. People are not rusty gears to be thrown away after depreciation. Closely related to this problem is a more rational policy for birth control.

C. The right to education lies at the root of social justice. The role of education itself must be interpreted in its threefold aspect: preparation for work in a complex industrial age; training as a citizen concerned both with the nation and the world; and the use of free time

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in a creative and satisfying manner. Perhaps not the least role of such an education is to teach the meaning of a better future society, one with a more rational economic and social order.

D. Tax gimmicks and legislative favoritism for the rich, touched on before, must not only be curtailed but maximum income and inheritance levels should be established. Below these levels, taxes ought to be lowered so that, even given the fact that managerial, professional and artistic abilities should receive higher monetary rewards, the spread between rich and poor will be sharply reduced. All men, as citizens of a democratic community, are entitled to a guaranteed social minimum wage—an idea which involves not only rights but also responsibilities.

E. Racial and religious discrimination are relics of an outmoded society. It should be made a criminal offense to discriminate in any form, with special courts created to handle this problem. Similar courts should be established to deal with municipal, state and F.B.I. police brutality, as well as illegal procedures like mail opening, wire tapping and search without warrant. Prisons should be considered therapeutic and retraining institutions rather than agents of societal revenge.

F. Cooperation among nations is essential to destroy the basis for war—in its more traditional imperialist form and the newer imperialism cloaked by fake Marxist terminology. An enlarged system of international scholarships and exchanges (the Peace Corps is a step in this direction) will aid in promoting the identity of interest of decent men everywhere. To deter U.S. overseas companies from meddling in the politics of other nations, a system of compulsory insurance against foreign nationalization ought to be established before companies would be permitted to expand into underdeveloped areas.

G. The resources allocated respectively to capital goods as distinguished from consumer goods industries must not be left to blind chance. A national policy decision is required which should, through a system of penalties, inhibit misuse of investment capital.

H. The entire philosophy underlying present road building and other transport in relation to urbanization requires a fresh view. These superhighways and double-deck bridges permit the white middle class and the rich to flee to the suburbs without paying a fair share of taxes to the urban core where they make their money. The staggering problems of Megalopolis—Boston to Washington, D.C. will be one great seacoast belt city within fifty years—demands political changes in the concept of city and state organization, as well as the taxing authority, as radical as the economic changes created by the industrial revolution.

I. We live accepting basic absurdities as self-evident truths. With a large part of humanity starving, mechanisms must be created to bypass the ridiculous practice of stockpiling food and artificially restricting food production. America giving food would make more friends than giving weapons. A new look should be taken at the custom of using gold, uselessly buried in large holes, as a basis for the value of national currency and a guarantee of debt balances. An even closer

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study would involve the function of the stock market as a source of private enrichment unrelated to production.

J. The tie-in between the military and industrial apparatus is one of the most frightening trends of present-day America. To restrict this trend, laws must be passed prohibiting the hire of high military personnel in private industry. Probably the threat will never be eliminated until all munition and related industries are either owned or thoroughly controlled by the nation.

Some of these reforms are possible in present society. Others are possible within the framework of general long-term reform. In the last analysis, however, a just society can never be completely achieved until basic industry is owned, or controlled to a degree equivalent to ownership, by the community as a whole rather than by individuals for personal profit. This traditional and laudable aim of socialists, unfortunately, can lead to the creation of a new and terrible system of injustice. For public ownership of industry relates directly to the problem of power. And how to take power, who uses the power for what purposes and how to control those who have such tremendous power—these are the burning questions of our time.

Shift of Economic Power

Probably the most difficult problem facing the proponents of a shift of economic power in American society is that of practical implementation. Many of us know what is wrong and what would be better. But no means are available other than a general and diffused "do goodism" which stifles more than it lifts hope for a just society. This is the reason why certain intelligent and sensitive students and intellectuals are either attracted by the actionist programs of the totalitarian Marxist parties or sink into despair and cynicism.

Without doubt many of the glib formulas of the past are mere parochial abstractions, as is quickly shown by reading the passionate rhetoric of Daniel De Leon, the great American radical concerned with this problem. These theorists, despite their use of phrases such as "revolution by the ballot," "the general strike," etc. have proved completely inadequate in attempting to anticipate mechanisms through which a shift in economic power can occur in advanced nations.

The reason lies deeper than the general political passivity of Americans. It is due to the fact that the underprivileged in our society form no single common cohesive element. The theme of the "naked, shameless, direct, brutal exploitation" of the paid wage laborer by the bourgeoisie, evangelically preached by Marx and Engels in *The Communist Manifesto,* was so removed from the actual course of events that already Karl Marx in his later years modified the thesis as applied to England, France, Germany and the United States. Far from being brutalized, organized labor today contentedly supports the system and most of its leaders know every trick in the tax-gimmick book to enrich themselves. The "proletariat" of America is not only conservative but on

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certain issues, like that of Cuba, its representatives often make more shrill statements than the captains of big industry.

The underprivileged groups, composing at least 25 per cent of the total population, are dispersed and often antagonistic in interest rather than socially related in one depressed class. Some of these groups can be clearly delineated. The most obvious is the Negroes, whose "radicalism" —despite the dreams of the New Left—consists precisely in desiring to be just like everybody else, "to make white" in the vulgar phrase; the few truly radical groups, like the Black Muslims, are reverse racists with little future.

The next large dispossessed group is the aged, those persons over 65 years whose income has suddenly dropped. The aged are bitter, it is true, but if European experience is any guide, they are more attracted by quasi-fascist solutions—by "order" and "renewed status."

The young married couples, often imprisoned by poor education and early babies, are another underprivileged group. But their protest is usually muted by reasonable job opportunity and they have nothing in common with minorities suffering discrimination or old people.

Caribbean immigrants of recent date and the last remaining wash of the illiterate foreign-born of Southern and Eastern European origin are also afflicted by substandard conditions. Elements of the latter traditionally supported radical views and formed the hard core of the Marxist parties from the turn of the century to the Depression; their spiritual descendants are the dwindling Cuban activists still backing Fidel Castro. Such "foreigners" in present-day America bring more noise than light; they are outside the American evolution.

The one depressed element which corresponds to classic radical formulas is the technologically unemployed; the former bituminous and anthracite coal miners of West Virginia and Pennsylvania; the victims of automation in the motor factories of Michigan and of winged aircraft in California and Connecticut; the derelicts of wage differentials and old machinery created by the flight of textile mills from New England to the South; and the submersion due to large scale farming of the small freehold cultivators throughout the Middle West. These varied groups, soon to be joined by the white collar workers dispossessed by new calculating machines, do have a grudge in common, do fit the categorization of the socially disinherited, do respond to the cry for greater social justice. For automation is the double-headed hydra of our time. It is true that its promise is infinite. It is also true that, through spreading job obsolescence, it may trigger vast economic and social change. And the working class, unlike capital, cannot protect itself through a hedging process against rising costs by setting up subsidiary plants or buying controlling stock in foreign countries where labor is cheaper and the heavy costs necessary to automate are avoided.

Economic Cycle

Moreover, the tendency of capitalism to go through cycles of pros-

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perity and recession has not been eliminated. At bottom, no one has yet invented a technique to solve this problem. Keynesian economics is nothing but a high class panacea to flatten out business cycles. Even Walt W. Rostow, whose study *The Stages of Economic Growth* is the freshest view in our time of the capital accretion process, falls short in attempting to explain the internal dynamics of capitalism. His thesis of "the age of high mass-consumption" avoids this key question: as boom does without doubt create increased demand, so bust can still follow a glut of consumers' goods. And introducing "an atmosphere of confidence" as a source of motivation is as unscientific as the *deus ex machina* through which the Greeks resolved their thespian art. We might more logically ascribe the stability of modern capitalism to the demands of the cold war.

Yet, despite technological unemployment, business cycles of prosperity and recession and the artificial support of war armaments which a modus vivendi with Russia some day may cut off, the concept of class war in its original Marxist form among advanced nations has receded as a practical threat. For one thing, the harsh realities of present Communist societies make social injustice under the existing mixed economy of capitalism seem preferable to most persons. For another, the virulent aggression built into these totalitarian states aids the forces striving to maintain the status quo in the world. Sidney Webb, the English Fabian Society leader, once remarked that the French Terror and Napoleon set back the reform movement one hundred years in his country. Stalin may have done the same for the United States. Assuming no serious crisis in the present order—nuclear war, military coup d'etat, violent depression—it is most likely that meliorism is the American way, that the country will just "drift"* step by step into some of the changes I am anticipating here, through a series of pragmatic measures having to do with specific problems like the ailing railroad system, the tremendous working capital demands in fields such as rocketry and interplanetary communication, the overt need for more control over foundations, etc. And due to increased publicity and a resultant disgust with the antics of the very rich (such as the Fords throwing a party for their daughter costing over one-quarter million dollars while many thousands of Ford workers were jobless) the most outrageous tax gimmicks and the gross inequities of income and inheritance taxes shall be greatly curbed if not eliminated. If our century teaches us one thing it is that flagrant social injustice will no longer be tolerated.

Twentieth century industrial nations stand within the throes of a

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* The author recognizes the difficulty in using such an expression. Putting aside hopeful and subjective prophesy, however, there is little empirical evidence in American history for assuming the emergence of a distinct Labor Party with a concrete socialist program. If the past is any indication of the future, charismatic individuals like Franklin D. Roosevelt will rise and implement specific reforms. The middle class orientation, even among the poor, is too fixed to expect any sharper approach outside of a general catastrophe.

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revolutionary era—whose movement can evolve either into tyranny or liberation. For the tools now created to increase production are equally capable of implementing a new way of life which will lead to a higher conception of democracy, true economic and political freedom, or a caste system of totalitarian socialism in the twisted name of democracy. The machine is neutral and will produce abundance for any master. It is man, and man alone, who can make the value judgments necessary to use the machine as he wills. It is man, and man alone, who will shape the future as government through special interests is curtailed and the reorientation of power in society proceeds.

For a New Economic Order

The ultimate question is power, the ownership, control and uses of power. 19th century radicals and utopians felt that once the economy was taken over by the state, freedom would follow—despite their understanding of the industrial process, they were incredibly naive in the psychology of man. The result was an imposition of a New Class, whose use of total power has been as naked and brutal as the worst excesses of early capitalism. To move from a government of special interests, the present modified oligarchic system of America, to an unfettered government embracing total state power, would be a step backward.

Yet it must be recognized that the imposition of the state in "basic" or "heavy" industry is a consequence of modern technology. Regardless of such developments as profit-sharing, dual worker and managerial control, and mixed or part public and part private corporate entities, the function of state control and/or ownership follows from contemporary industrial society. Classical capitalism, buffeted by the enormous sums of money needed for the exploitation of energy sources and complex tools, must turn to the government for aid. Expanding populations have increased the value of land to the point that the condemnation and taxing power of municipalities, as well as subsidy financing, are features of most significant construction today. Air travel and space exploration not only fall within the federal fold but are by their nature dependent even on international control. Because of war threats, entire new industries are organized and subsidized by the state, while the older basic industries are dependent on state contracting. The national impact of synthetic products, the deadly nature of chemicals on human tissue—from lip stick to deodorants, from detergents to insecticides, from life-giving wonder drugs to death-giving radiation—require strict government control. The old order, in its laissez faire sense, is dead. And despite successful attempts on the part of the economic elite to avoid the implications of the mid-twentieth century, despite the devices created to put aside the fumbling movements toward an egalitarian application of income and inheritance taxes, new forms must be created to deal with new times. The problem, thus, when seen in historic perspective, is as much the tyranny lurking in monolithic power and bureaucracy as it is who owns or controls industry.

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The control and uses of power must be carefully separated from the ownership of power sources in any new society or the evils of totalitarianism will immediately rise. The curious aspect of present American capitalism gives a broad hint as to how this may be accomplished. Today the ownership of stock in the vast majority of great corporations is completely separate from the actual working control. The managers or officers of these corporations work with a dual function: primarily for themselves, their salaries (as well as the many enormous side benefits touched on previously) and prestige in the community; secondarily for the stockholders, since their jobs would be imperiled if the companies did not show a reasonable profit. These managers perform a useful social function while the stockholders add next to nothing after creating the initial working capital.

Any new economic order in America should build on this experience, for the present corporate separation of stock ownership and the actual working control can likewise be applied to state imposition. The state itself can supply additional needed working capital and earn "dividends" that will go to the government. The managers will have to produce a profit, but production will be related to the over-all needs of society rather than based on conspicuous consumption, planned obsolescence, fake advertising and fragmented market factors. Yet the market as a balancing price system will not be abandoned. Industries will still be in competition for the most efficient productive, management and distributive methods, as well as research into new products, both within the industry and with other industries. But the aim of this competition will be directed toward integrated societal goals and not a series of private objects dictated solely by the profit motive.

Already in our society we have corporate bodies which illustrate this point. That great producer of electric power, the Tennessee Valley Authority,* is a prime example of the decentralized administration of centralized power, the separation of public ownership from working control. The Port of New York Authority, though a darling of the financial community since its absolutely secure tax-exempt bonds yield around 3½%, is an example of how road, tunnel and bridge building can be handled by an autonomous agency. It is not usually realized, but the Port Authority's investment in the arterial system connecting land areas of metropolitan New York and New Jersey will soon reach two billion dollars. Organizations such as TVA and the Port Authority are profit making in the sense that they must employ standard methods of cost accounting, they must operate efficiently in order to show a return and, most important, the relation between operation and ultimate control is clearly delineated. The United Housing Corporation, which constructs an enormous number of apartment buildings in the New York area as a

* It is no accident that Senators Gore and Kefauver, the two most progressive men in the United States Senate, come from Tennessee. This indicates the close relation btween politics and economics, for once on the affirmative side. The people of Tennessee are not afraid of "public power": it benefits them.

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subsidiary of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union, is another example of this same technique. Books on Israel and the Scandinavian countries are replete with illustrations. The common factor to all, and the fundamental point, is that the ownership, control and uses of power must have clear organizational limits.

Dignity and Honor

Within society itself, there are natural differences which can be harnessed to work in common and yet afford a source of healthy friction restraining tyranny. A conflict of interest exists between the producers and consumers of food, one which ironically—considering the much-vaunted superiority of planning announced from total state-directed economies—the American nation has adjusted with greater success than the Communist countries. Unskilled and skilled workers have divergent interests, as the history of conflict between industrial and craft unions so well shows, and these men together share common views in conflict with those of the enlarging white collar class. The urban workers as a whole and the executive managers have divergent desires, contradictory in our society but at bottom incapable of final egalitarian reconciliation. The distributing element has an outlook far removed both from the producers and consumers. Professionals—teachers, architects, engineers, doctors, scientists—are a distinct group. Artists (including writers, who bear an important function as propagandists for any status quo) have most often been an indigestible element in the body politic.

In our society, these differences tend to express themselves in special interest organizations, Chambers of Commerce, unions, managerial societies, cooperatives, university and professional groupings. Though based to a large extent on economics, the roots are also placed in pride, prestige, social usefulness. These groupings should not be destroyed—and their differences will not "wither away" despite economic change—but rather harnessed to the needs of the new society. A society that is pluralist is less liable to become totalitarian. The concept of the medieval guild, especially as adapted by the Guild Socialists of England, is also a useful guide, one based as much on a sense of organic function as economic protection. The award system for superior work is another guide: not only incentive payments for output within the frame of the guaranteed social minimum wage, as well as longer vacation periods, but medals and other social recognition in its many forms from our Distinguished Service citations to the Royal categories in Great Britain. A primitive symbol of this possibility can already be seen in the architectural contests organized in some cities for the construction of municipal buildings. We give men Purple Hearts when wounded in battle and Medals of Honor for killing the foe; why cannot we also give medals of honor, with great fanfare in the community, to those men who distinguish themselves in the service of life?

When all is said, however, the quality that separates one society from the other is an intangible inheritance of dignity and honor that

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uses the traditional name of spirit. The written documents are of secondary importance: the 1936 Constitution of the U.S.S.R. is a beautiful declaration but has no relation to the practices of Soviet state tyranny. New Zealand, Sweden, Israel, (even Yugoslavia, with its Workers' Councils), are all states with varying degrees of economic and political democracy, often more expressed in words than acts. Yet how different the forms through which these societies operate! It is the illumination, rather than the brutalization of the instincts toward equality of men, that is demanded before we slough off outmoded forms to embrace new ones.

At bottom, what is needed is a movement from a philosophy of fragmented and alienated competition, each man sensing every other man a potential enemy, to a cooperative society with a structure of different natural interests, the coordinating element being the democratically expressed will of the people exposed to and participating in decision-making and accessible to all points of view provided they are concerned with the common weal. And this emphasis is not merely ethical. For modern society is based on the scientific education of workers to operate complex machinery and it is actually to the benefit of the productive industrial process to train workers in cooperative activity for this purpose. We have reached a point in human history for the first time where both the moral and scientific element convene to emphasize that cooperative effort is both just and efficient.

Creative Use of Leisure

The second Industrial Revolution on the farm and automation in the factory and office (putting aside the implications of unlimited atomic energy and the seeding of oceans for food) present man with his greatest challenge since he left the jungle. For the creative use of leisure is concomitant with and inseparable from the ideal of economic democracy. What is involved in this leisure time implies a new revolutionary set of values. These will be threefold.

The first will be an enormous increase of benevolence, in the best sense of the word. To a great extent, our animal hostility is concerned with self-preservation, its social aspect being tribal, linking oneself with one's own group and against the rest of the world. Competition in our society for the most things as expressed by greed money, and fear of war, enhances this hostility. When man is freed from his basic wants and the threat of war, with the coming of more leisure, the animal sense of benevolence—the contrary to hostility—will undergo a fantastic change. The first step toward this can already be seen in big cities where tolerance, the initial or passive form of benevolence, has been created by the needs of vast numbers of persons of different origins to work together. When men come to view each other as they view their children, where sympathy and love are at their best, then the world will at last change. All religions have emphasized the essential brotherhood of man but degraded this vision by making its mandate a kind of gimmick through which one could enter eternal life, a species of sordid exchange

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for the keys to the Kingdom of Heaven. But the creative use of leisure —travel, meditation, and friendship—will make this increased benevolence a possibility on earth.

The second revolutionary change through leisure will be a new view of pleasure. The Puritan and Jansenist code of values are incompatible with the modern world. It has been said facetiously that the upper classes are above morality, the lower classes below it and the middle class has caused all the trouble. Certainly our narrowing of morality to the forbidding of sensual pleasure has not only twisted but, indeed, reversed the true meaning of morality, as basic concern with humane conduct. The present societal view of pleasure is a historic creation in order to preserve institutions, both ecclesiastical and propertied, and one which must be transformed and made more human as these institutions in turn change. But sensuality has two levels, for aside from the tactile there is also the artistic. The flowering of the artistic element in man that must come with release from outmoded rules of pleasure will be as important as the more obvious implications.

The third revolutionary change through leisure is perhaps the most important, presuming man can survive the interregnum period of conflict while society is being remade. This is a new vision of man himself through the function of intellectual curiosity. It is this intellectual curiosity that has caused his evolution, the prehensile claw becoming a a hand with fingers that grope, the groping that led to his experiments with stones and sticks that have evolved into our most delicate electronic tools. The tremendous outpouring of creativity through leisure time should lead to a return to some of the higher values of the Renaissance —openness to the new, optimism based on human aims and not theology, delight in living for the senses, art and learning—a Renaissance based not alone on earth, but on man's relation to the solar system and then beyond; yet not so much a return to Renaissance values but standing on the shoulders of these values to create larger ones, resembling them as an eagle does a mole. Space travel, still in its bare infancy, will draw the spirit of men to visions that make our parochial color prejudices and wars grotesque and absurd. As our economic and philosophical view of life is bound to our terrestrial environment, so will these change and transmute themselves when all men can participate in the new awesome adventures ahead.

A world view of history and its meaning is thus required to deal with America in midpassage. The future demands a shift in values from power over other men through competition to power over ourselves and the environment through cooperation. The future demands a change from the obsession with money as the end of life, money as the measure of success and the symbol of power, to the realization that though a just society insists all men must be equal regardless of origin and background, benevolence, beauty and intellectual curiosity are the underlying paramount values. And then . . . and then, we shall only begin.

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Norman Mailer

THE FIRST PRESIDENTIAL PAPER

These short pieces* were chosen because their subject matter is fit concern for a President. One is of course not throwing any disqualified devil's wishes into the ring for oneself, no, no, these are the Presidential papers of a court wit, an amateur advisor. They are papers written *to* the President, *for* him, they are his private sources of information. The President suffers from one intellectual malady—intellectual malnutrition. That particular anemia visits leaders surrounded by advisors who do not tell the truth. Advisors are dishonest because they are professional. By the developed habits of his craft, a professional automatically suppresses as much information as he divulges; nor is this to speak of the various kinds of information a professional is incapable of receiving because the language necessary for the inquiry does not belong to his vocational jargon. So a President suffers intellectual horrors. His information is predigested—his mind is allowed as much stimulation as the second stomach of a cow. He is given not nuances but facts; indeed he is given facts not in whole, but facts masticated, their backs broken into lists, categories, and statistical tables.

The natural work of the modern Presidency destroys a man's ability for abstract thought. He becomes able to think not of the mystery in the atom bomb but of its engineering. He sprouts a mind like a financial see-saw: on the one side percentages of overkill declared adequate for balancing Russian overkill, on the other budgetary calculations. A twenty-five per cent overkill will demand a disbursement of X billions which has Y probability of passing Z committee in Congress. It is all hard tough clear strategic thinking, the sort of thinking that the less literary seniors at Harvard used to do over the bridge table years ago. Now the stakes are higher and they're still doing it. One does well not to sneer at them: the sort of Harvard men who got into the bridge games in the House Common Rooms after dinner seem now to be the archetype of the kind of men who run the world: what they lack in imagination is filled with strategic estimate; what they do not know about moral depth is replaced by forthrightness and point-by-point program. I suppose the kind of man who goes to bed and worries even once a year, "My God, what if, when all is said, the Russians are right?" or even worse, "My God, what if, when all is said, the Russians are *half* right?" cannot ever become Pres-

* From the introduction to *The Presidential Papers* of Norman Mailer, to be published by Putnam this September.

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ident in the twentieth century. The time he loses one night a year is enough to put him out of the race.

But return to the President with his virtues and vices. He is presumably an expert on political matters which can be translated into arithmetic. He can recite government incomes and expenses, budgets, taxes, reserves; figures for the gainfully employed and the locally unemployed over the last individual ten years, and by ten-year periods; figures for armament in category, in gross; he can give you percentiles and/or profile curves on shifts in political party sentiment over twenty-five years in key political counties of America; in two minutes he can look up the figure for additional square feet of housing built in 1962 against calculated need for new housing in Plan A, Plan B, Plan G; he can tell you the number of words in a speech by glancing at the pages; he can read six hundred words a minute and count on retaining 84% of what he reads; he can give you the critical numbers and index factors on foreign trade, new investment in heavy industry, rate of failure against rates of incorporation for small business; the literacy rate; the projected farm surplus surpluses; the number of Communists in the American Communist Party, the number of FBI men in the American Communist Party; the number of United States Marshals in Southern cities who can be concentrated at a trouble point when a school is integrated, the number of schools which have been integrated, the number which have not; he can give you an estimate by denomination of the number of churches in America, the number of synagogues, orthodox, conservative, and reformed, he can probably make an informed guess on the number of clergymen in each state. It must be certain he has enough facts in his head filed under enough separate departments to make a fair extempore competitor for the World Almanac.

Now this is not the only qualification of the President. He happens also to have a personality which is agreeable to most (in a way that Thomas E. Dewey's was not, nor Richard Nixon's) and he is also a man of personal bravery, a fact one does well not to ignore. He studied for his occupation, he had the money to find it, and the family to help him find it. He has a sense of the tradition of the Presidency and a sense of history—he wishes to be a great man. Indeed he has every qualification for a great President—a sense of politics, a sense of mass response, a nose for propaganda, the ability to acquire information, the ability to keep cool when the world is on the edge of great heat, the wit to stop the legislative and administrative parts of the government from warring on one another, the perhaps excessive ability to avoid making needless enemies,—yes, he has every qualification but one. He has no imagination. He does not have the kind of mind which can see a new solution to an old problem. Rather he manipulates the best single elements in the old solutions, and applies his political craft to composing a package with new consumer interest. In effect it is the old apple pie still tasting of soggy cardboard and cheap flour, but the container is new—it has a picture on its cellophane cover which motivation research has discovered

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is more effective than the old cover for selling apple pie. No one suggests improving the flour—the ovens which are used to bake the pie have electronic super drafts which deaden the differences between good and bad flour. No one suggests the apple pie should not be marketed—that if people have not the wit to bake for themselves, they are better off with no apple pie at all. Instead, somebody suggests putting vitamins into the flour, the President agrees, and we get new enriched apple pie which tastes like old apple pie but causes .01 of 1% more people to throw up because of the added vitamins. The President studies the new statistic, but it is not conclusive, so the vitamins stay in.

Now with the exception of his single large defeat in the Bay of Pigs and his single large victory after Khrushchev sent missiles to Castro, a victory and defeat which are linked umbilically to the island of Cuba, the President has done nothing new. With the exception of Cuba his actions have been predictable. One cannot point to any move in foreign affairs or labor or military spending or housing or education or race relations or popular culture which is radically different from the work of Truman or Eisenhower, different from the intellectual inspiration of Franklin Delano Roosevelt. One can point to the Peace Corps perhaps, but there is something unctuous about its face in public relations. The Peace Corps seems to have inherited the political timidity of the CCC without its air of a barracks democracy.

No, there's no feeling of a new political atmosphere in the country. The liberals pump up their blimps, the conservatives flush out bile and bilge, but a real issue is never found. Politics is the art of the possible, and what is always possible is to reduce the amount of real suffering in a bad time, and to enrich the quality of life in a good time. This is precisely what is not being done in America. We are in a good time in America, a prosperous time, a time of relative wealth and relative lack of poverty which was created not by Roosevelt, Truman, Eisenhower, nor by Kennedy, but by the economic mathematics of finding an ever-expanding market whose ultimate consumer is the enemy soldier. We have been living in the curious but prosperous hollow of planned military obsolescence. In fact we have built so many different airplanes since the Second World War that soon there ought to be enough to give one to each high school class in the land.

But we've done nothing to approach the center of the problem which is that life in America becomes more economically prosperous and more psychically impoverished each year. The real life of America is not being enriched. It is suffering from political monotony, intellectual debility and psychological despond. The President has commissions and commissars and bureaus and agents and computer machines to calculate the amount of schooling needed to keep America healthy, safe, vigorous, proof against the Russians. To keep America up. Virility is the unspoken salesman in American political programs today: the politician slaps his facts and figures on the table like a shillalagh: curious are the vitamins implicit in a massive collection of facts and figures—it is as if a man

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who can keep that much information in his head might be able to maintain that much erection in his will.

The President has programs. They keep America *up*. They calculate floor space and cubic feet of breathing space. They pick pastel colors for toilets and study rooms, they pipe public address systems from auditoriums to class rooms, they have aerials for classroom television, side rooms for PTA functions, they do everything, they have everything. Everything but a good book.

There is a total and depressing lack of attention for that vast heart of political matter which is utterly resistant to categorization, calculation, or statistic. Politics is arithmetic, but politics is also rhetoric, passion, and an occasional idea to fire the imagination of millions. For his arithmetic the President gets a mark of 98%. For his imagination: zero. For his passion: 40%. So this book has been put together for him. It is imperfect, incomplete, and somewhat deficient in its arithmetic. Its statistical studies are absent. Its grasp of the machinery of government is comparable at best to the sort of talented amateur mechanic who knows how to change a tire. But still there is something in this book, something useful to the President. This book has an existential grasp of the nature of reality, and it is the unspoken thesis of these pages that no President can save America from a descent into totalitarianism without shifting the mind of the American politician to existential styles of political thought.

If the question is now asked what can possibly be meant by "an existential grasp of the nature of reality" or "existential styles of political thought" the answer which is not without facetiousness can nonetheless only be that one must read this book. In the run of its pages exists the seed of the idea.

But can one at least give a clue? I suppose it would rest in the notion that the disease of the state is intensified when large historic ideas come to power without men to personify them or dramatize their qualities. It has long been the thesis of this special self-appointed Presidential advisor that the FBI has done more damage to America than the American Communist Party. It has done it for a variety of reasons, some well-intentioned, some delivered from pits of mendacity, but the FBI has chilled the potentiality of America to enrich the private lives of its people. It has put a sense of inhibition into the popular arts and the popular mind. It has been an evil force. What has made it even more deadening has been the personality in its director. The FBI has been a political idea; its essence could be stated: America is in need of a secret police whose devotion, dedication, untiring effort, professional competence and political purity entitle it to scrutinize every aspect of American life it deems worthy to scrutinize. The idea is fearful enough, but when no personality embodies it, no other personality may contest it. The cause of secret policeness advances like a plague. So an existential President would look for a man with a salient personality to put as head of the FBI. Under such a man, the fortunes of the FBI would

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prosper or falter, but its activities would be dramatized, its victories would come from open struggle, and its success would cease to resemble the chilling certainty of the house percentage in a gambling casino. The FBI would exist rather than proliferate. If its leader was not heroic as a man, the FBI would proceed to exist less, it would lose existence because it would be in open competition for existence with other organs of the government. But with an heroic leader it would prosper, it would *deserve* to prosper. Existential politics is rooted in the concept of the hero, it would argue that the hero is the one kind of man who *never* develops by accident, that a hero is a consecutive set of brave and witty self-creations, enrichments drawn out of his imagination which give a real turn to life, or strength extracted from a sense of timing deep and natural in its relation to the corner of the world where he finds himself.

All heroes are leaders—even if, like Don Quixote, they have but one man to follow them—but not all leaders are heroes. An unheroic leader is a man who embodies his time but is not superior to it—he is historically faceless. Roosevelt was a hero, Calvin Coolidge or Herbert Hoover were leaders, nominal leaders. So was Eisenhower. The FBI has at present a leader, but not a hero. So it is faceless in history. And because it is faceless it is insidious, plague-like, an evil force. Power without a face is the disease of the state. And the argument must be obeyed. If the FBI had a hero for a leader and its fortunes prospered on open political market, then even if its ideas seemed odious, one would have to accept its prosperity as an historic event, a force with precise features. McCarthy was such an embodiment. He was a hero, a most distressing kind of hero, but because he was a hero he encountered opponents as well as attracted followers, and he was finally defeated. With his fall went the threat that his ideas would dominate America. How fortunate for the Left that a hero arose on the Right at that moment. For if not, the leaders of the Right might have strangled the liberties of America somewhat further by remaining a faceless force.

Politics is like a body of organs. When the body is sick, it is usually because one or another organ has become too weak or too powerful in its function. If the disproportion is acute, a war goes on in the body, an inflammatory sickness, a fever, a crisis. The war decided, the organ subsides, different in size, stronger or weaker, it returns to its part of the body's function. Acute disease is cure. It is the war which initiates a restoration of balance. It has features, symptoms, results. Acute diseases are like political forces personified by heroes. And slack diseases, featureless, symptomless diseases like virus and colds and the ubiquitous cancer are the appropriate metaphor of all those political forces like the FBI, or like the liberalism of the Democratic Party, which are historically faceless.

It is true that we have a President with a face. And it is the face of a potential hero. But he embodies nothing, he personifies nothing, he is power, rather a quizzical power, without light or principle. His liberalism is acquired at second hand; he came to it the way a general comes

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to an army of mercenaries—he cannot win his war without them. He is neither religious nor irreligious, he is not provocative nor predictably dull, he is not entertaining, he is always potentially of interest. He is like the son of a famous man. His own dimensions will develop only when he is separated from the shadow of his father.

He learned too much and too early that victory goes to the discreet, that one does not speak one's opinion, that ideally one does not even develop one's opinion. For a man with opinion is less free to move with the turn of power. So we have a President who is brave but politically neuter, adept at obtaining power and a miser at spending it, an intellectual with a mind like a newspaper's yearbook, and a blank somewhat stricken expression about the eyes, a numbed mind seems to speak behind them. It is narcotized away from the true problems of a President's task. A President is supposed to enrich the real life of his people—the mind which looks out from this President's eyes has lost the way. The expression lives in all the dull avenues of precedent.

So here is a book of Presidential papers about all the topics a President ought to consider and rarely does, and some of the topics he considers every day, but rarely in a fashion which is fresh. There will be little of oceanic profundity here, but a few streams of possibility. One has hopes the advisors to the President can read, can read well enough to pass this book along. . .

Ambitious young men, ready to become President in twenty or thirty years, will do worse than to read my book, for its studies are appropriate to the education of a Commander-in-Chief. So submits this devil.

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Stanley Diamond

INDIANS: RED, WHITE AND BLUE

I

To do justice to the subtleties of life on the Seneca Reservation requires more than ethnographic reportage, or abstract analyses of social structures that we find transfixed in the professional journals. It requires these, yes, but also an authentic literary insight. Perhaps a Jean Genet could command the ironic ambiguities that compose the reservation, for the reservation today is a "theatre of the absurd"; within its restricted compass are reflected many of the generic absurdities of our time. If Genet were to write a play called "The Indians" in the style of his "The Blacks," the reservation would, depending on one's perspective, suddenly expand, or contract, to the size of the world. And the questions would be "who are the Indians" and "who are the whites," "who is actor and who is spectator"? What infinitely ambivalent relationship exists among the actors and between them and the audience? What mutually reinforcing projections hold them all locked in dramatic tension? A Genet, a Beckett, an Ionesco, an Adamov, a Brecht would, having experienced contemporary civilization, appreciate at once the contradictions of the human drama that is reservation culture.

Let me begin with the most obvious paradoxes. Among the Seneca we encounter people who appear white yet consider themselves Indians and talk of the "white man and white man's culture" in alienated and bitter tones. We encounter Seneca grandmothers, dusky-skinned and faithful to the Longhouse, fondly caring for small white grandsons with crewcuts and an addiction to television; and these same grandmothers refer contemptuously to the ways of the "whites." In this connection, how can I forget the five-year-old, physically very much an Indian, who insisted that when he grew up he wanted to be a cowboy, except that there weren't any cowboys left, or the old Indian retired from the railroad, who stared at T.V. all day in his tiny shack, and thought the Westerns were bad for the children for reasons that you might suppose?

There are, also, people who are fully identified with reservation society, generally Indian in appearance but, having white mothers, are not considered to be "Seneca" at all. This is, of course, an excellent example of a quasi-traditional form of behavior in the service of a contemporary

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need, and I shall say a word about that later. But first let me ask whether a man with an Indian father and a white mother is less a Seneca than a man with a Seneca mother and a white father? How do these people of asymmetrical parentage regard themselves and each other?

And what of the anomaly of the religious chief, a participant in, and often the leader of important ceremonies, who is technically white and whose daughters "look" Indian? Or observe the white girl, legally Seneca because her mother is Seneca, who applied tanning cream when selling souvenirs on Sunday. Or a man with a Seneca father and white mother, thus himself white, but who marries a Seneca woman and whose children become legally Seneca. Any given genealogy can, and does, weave in and out of the Seneca roster, creating, in either instance, socially odd circumstances.

And how shall we regard the dilemma which the young men face, under pressure, to marry in, while their prospective mates are free to marry out, without betraying their tradition? Thus the structure invites "promiscuity" from both sexes, for opposite reasons, from the men because of the narrowed choice of "legitimate" mates, from the women because any prospective white partner becomes a legally suitable husband.

What, finally, is Seneca physical identity, then, if not a legal fiction? The Iroquois had, after all, absorbed Indian elements from the length and breadth of the Eastern seaboard and the mixture has been and is continuously compounded by marriage with whites. Of course, the determination of Seneca genetic identity by a legalistic device has the convenience of any analogous principle of unilateral descent. It limits the size of the group while maintaining and perpetuating social integrity and ecological viability. But the question of physical identity is entirely arbitrary and thus dissolves into the larger problem concerning the physical boundaries of any people functioning in the modern world. Even in this elementary matter, questions that arise on the reservation are questions for us all.

A fundamental ambiguity of structure divides the Seneca nation, as it does any nation or group rushing headling onto the contemporary world. The jural nation, with its council, officers, electoral machinery, and constitution is recognized as the sole, competent representative authority of the Seneca. But a semblance of the traditional organization persists. The clans, the moieties, the clan mothers, and the religious chiefs maintain a function that not only involves the orthodox Allegheny, but ties them religiously to Iroquois throughout New York. This structural cleavage is regarded as a "separation between church and state," but it really represents the shadowy line between the past and the present, between the remnants of tradition and the modern consciousness. The existence of the politically powerless, but active, religious organization keeps the past present to every Indian on the reservation; while it is often a line of conflict, it is also a source of comfort, giving the illusion of choice be-

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tween ways of life; and for how many of us is choice ever more than illusion? "Indian" and "white" problems share the same substance; only the forms differ.

Let us move to a social-psychological level, and reflect on the *image* of the reservation. Does the reservation keep the white world out, as one retired, high-steel warrior said with satisfaction, does it fence the Indian in, or may it do both? A joke which I heard repeated several times concerned the white tourist who could not believe that he had entered the reservation because he had seen no encircling fence. But people laughed *too* heartily and one had the impression that there *was* a fence sealing off the Indian from a culture which he seemed to scorn and simultaneously to desire, perhaps, in part, because it fenced him out.

Here the ambivalence of the white view of the reservation is pertinent. The Indian is considered a symbol of all that is freest, noblest, and most virile in the American tradition. But he is also perceived as a shiftless, two-faced alcoholic, who lives on a perpetual dole. Townspeople refer to "our Indians" fondly and boast of their lack of prejudice, but they don't look you straight in the eye when they do so. The Indians, they say, are a "special case" and the Indians themselves believe this and manifest their belief in a typically ambivalent way. They bitterly oppose Government, and yet anticipate continued dependence on it. They resent Government for not giving more and, although I support their objective case, one can hardly help noting that the ambivalence has the character of a parent-child relationship. They love the Government for the minimal protection and security it extends them, but resent it for frustrating their need for independence, both originally, when the Government first conquered them, and in the intervening generations, during which it helped them somehow to survive. Thus they are continuously, and properly, aware of what they, the Indians, have contributed to the culture of the United States; for this consciousness makes them feel less dependent. Correlatively, the Pickering Treaty of 1794, which promised lands in perpetuity, is psychologically very vital to them since it is regarded as a pledge to treat the Indians with dignity and forebearance, to love them, and what is almost the same, to respect them in defeat, as did the proto-typically good parent, George Washington. George Washington is not only "the Father of our country," but he is the author of *their* new beginning, and he is the only white man who has ascended, if only to the middle reaches, of Handsome Lake's Heaven.

Within the culture of the reservation, life presents three faces. First, one confronts the tourist Indian who makes souvenirs and dances in the shows at the "Indian Village," which is, so to speak, a theater within a theater. In order to feed the expectations of the tourist, hold his attention, and earn a few dollars, the tourist's Indian tends to caricature his own historical identity. And yet one feels that in attracting and attempting to fulfill the anticipations of the tourist, the Indian seems

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also to authenticate some vision of himself. The troupe performs on stage, other Indians sit with the audience; actors and observers enjoy the show, Indians applaud Indians, and together take pride in the attention they receive. Where does the "convention" of the theatre end and the "reality" of life begin; how do we distinguish between drama and dramaturgy in th world as it is today; whether the protagonists are Indian or white?

Next we glimpse the social appearance of the Indian, his ordinary, day to day existence on the reservation, with its hardship and struggle. But what is *Indian* in this existence? Concepts such as "proletarian" and "small bourgeois" explicate many of the forms of social life on the reservation but they do not begin to exhaust their contents. Yet how can one determine the degree to which a mother-centered Seneca household is an inheritance from a matrilineal past or the result of the uncertainty of male status and of the peripatetic nature of male occupations—as among immigrant New York Jews, Harlem Negroes, or Boston Irish. Is the perception of the normative "white" culture as philistine, false and alien, a response of the very poor, of the ethnic outsider, or both, fused in the person of the Indian?

Similarly, is the maintenance of a *human* community with instrumental kin and quasi-kin ties ramifying beyond the immediate family, a broken shard of the past, or is it a function of that culture of poverty which still struggles on in those parts of the world where being poor is a way of life, and not merely degrading as in our country? Perhaps the best we can do is to assume that the total social identity of the Indian is composed of two complementary halves held together by an invisible seam. Traditional continuities pass imperceptibly into the contemporary imperatives of a genuine culture of poverty. I believe that the culture of poverty and primitive cultures share certain similar institutions originating in overlapping but not identical causes, and these institutions can arise quite independently, in the absence of any historical continuity between them. But only the closest empirical scrutiny can get near the truth of the particular case.

Finally, we confront the ceremonial identity of those who remain faithful to the Longhouse and the Handsome Lake Code. I shall make no attempt to duplicate here the elusive but remarkable content of the Code, nor discuss its unique success as an *established* messianic movement, that is, a movement that found a structure. But I imagine that it represents, basically, the etherealization of Iroquois culture (as religious Zionism was the etherealization of ancient Hebrew culture), in which the Longhouse survives as a church, resignation, thankfulness and abstinence become the cardinal, if passive virtues, and thus a shield against adversity, while ancient rituals remain at the core of Christian forms.

The syncretic nature of the Code and associated teachings, and the ambiguities they contain, is evident in many ways but I found them most sharply reflected in a verbal interpretation of Jesus, or more prop-

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erly the "one whom you call Jesus," related to me by a Keeper of the Faith. Jesus is assumed to be the "last" of the four guardians of the Iroquois in Heaven, as originally envisioned by the prophet. He is a man, not a spirit; "divine" man is probably an accurate enough characterization. He is the only one of the guardians who descends to earth but he finds it unnecessary to preach among his own people, the Seneca, because they are virtuous. Therefore he goes overseas and, coming upon evil men, is crucified and killed. His body is placed in a tomb under a rock but he easily escapes and returns to his place in the Iroquois Heaven. The barbarians who have denied him repent and they set to work to write the story of his life. This is scripture but scripture is actually dictated by the devil. The written story of the life of Jesus is what the Devil wants people to believe. The true account is in the Handsome Lake Code, and derivative beliefs.

There are several elements here that deserve comment. First of all, the idea of secret knowledge of the man from Heaven is convergent to a gnostic heresy; the idea of the Bible being dictated by the Devil may be either a Marcionite heresy, a form of gnosticism, or a reversal of the orthodox, especially Catholic dogma of divine inspiration. What the Jesuits considered divine, the Iroquois were likely to consider diabolic. But whatever the source, historical or logical, it is clear that the linking of the Bible to the devil represents a defense against the missionary assault on Iroquois culture; it also suggests an initial association of the purposes of writing with the evil ways of the whites, by a pre-literate people. Yet the Seneca took what seemed to them potent in Christianity, that is, the concrete image of Christ himself, and incorporated it into their hierarchy of divine beings. Jesus, they say in effect, is ours, not yours. Just as there is an Iroquois Washington, there is an Iroquois Jesus and analogously, the more sophisticated Seneca echo Morgan in their conviction that the original Federation of the United States is patterned after the Longhouse league.

Thus the Seneca attempt to absorb, and even to claim, what they perceive as good in the encircling culture. The Code, and much of reservation culture, is a syncretism in the service of the desire to insure survival and maintain dignity under the shadow of superior force. But is this not a universal use of history?

Subscription to the Code is an ultimate test of Indian-ness. Those who believe, regard themselves as the real Seneca, whether or not they appear on the legal roster of the Nation. Yet many Longhouse people are quite capable of changing masks to meet the occasion. They live on all three levels—tourist, social and ceremonial—and by some miracle of persistence and skill are able to segregate one from the other while maintaining themselves as integrated human beings. Of course, there are increasing indications of strain—one or two elders, although connected with the tourist show, will not take their proper places in the Longhouse, because they believe the rituals are improperly performed; thus they

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hasten the dissolution of the very tradition they seek to uphold. But the nominal or otherwise Christian Seneca retain an Indian identity, even if it consists only in the effort not to assimilate with one's whole soul and to pursue, as one man put it, with unwitting irony, a policy of self-*termination.*

The remarkable thing is that, caught in this storm of paradoxes, the Seneca has learned the practical and religious art of transcendence. Thus his problems bring him closer to us rather than set him apart. For his is the most pressing, most persistent human puzzle that we face, namely, the achievement of identity by the acceptance and transcendence of ambivalence in self and society.

II

However, I do not propose to dwell on ambiguities alone. What I really wish to attempt is an analysis of the social psychology of the apocalyptic response to the building of the Kinzua Dam and the consequent flooding of nine-tenths of the habitable area of the reservation. Let me make it clear that I am against the Dam. It seems inadequate to its stated purpose; an alternative plan was available, and the Seneca nation has not been dealt with straightforwardly by the authorities involved. But all this is a matter of record and need not be recapitulated here. When the Indian says, whether he looks like an "Indian" or not, that the "white man" stripped the land and dirtied the river and now wants to clean the river and control the flood, and the devil with Indian Rights then as now, he is correct. Historically and morally the Indians have been innocent victims in the situation. But since when has civil justice been meted out to innocent victims? The wiser, older Seneca know this and they grow grimmer, more skeptical, more taciturn in their attitude to what they regard as civilized delusions of progress. Here again, problems on the reservation are problems for us all; no people tolerates being told to move from its old neighborhood, to break out of old associations, in the abstract name of progress. Look at any slum clearance in Boston or Legos, and you get the same answer. The very poor, in particular, have a healthy suspicion of what Claude Levi Strauss has called the triumph of "mono-culture." And in the case of the Seneca, this is compounded by a sturdy ethnic pride.

The reservation is split by the looming presence of the Dam, not on whether it should be built, all are against that, but on how to cope with the problem. The lines of fracture run in many different directions; I am concerned at the moment only with the perceptions of the hard-core Longhouse group. This group numbers perhaps forty, and includes representatives from approximately one-third of the families on the reservation. But the term "hard-core" is misleading. Actually, no more than a dozen people really believe in the relevance of the prophecies of Handsome Lake to the present impass. Even among the majority of the true-believers, faith and reality are held apart so that one plans for the future in substance while anticipating catastrophe in a

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purely formal sense. Only two or three people expect that the world may end either before the Dam is completed or at some indefinite time in the future.

Like all Messianic religions, the Handsome Lake Code is prophetic and apocalyptic. The world had a beginning. There is a covenant between God and his chosen people, the people suffer for their sins and are saved, a drama which is usually acted out in the life of the Prophet, often reflecting the particular travail of the group, and as the world disintegrates, the faithful ascend to Heaven. Ultimate disaster and ultimate salvation are preceded by signs. For the hard-core Longhouse people, the Dam is such a sign.

Their hostility toward the Dam is only in part the result of a broken treaty, a high-handed attitude on the part of the Army Corps of Engineers and other more or less formal irritations. Most significantly, the hostility is projective, i.e. the anger caused by the internal decline of the Longhouse faith is vented on the Dam; it is, of course, characteristically human to blame an external agency for an internal crisis. This does not justify the construction of the Dam but it does justify the Longhouse Seneca in condemning the Dam in the profoundest possible way. The orthodox Seneca feel that they are irrevocably losing their faith, and this is merely historically coincident with the intentions of the Army Corps of Engineers, the Pittsburgh industrialists and the State of Pennsylvania. As the Longhouse faithful are reduced in number, they reach deeply into their historical memories and describe the white culture which threatens now, finally, to obliterate them in words that the most traditional of Indians must have used generations ago. They say: "The whites are cold, acquisitive, competitive, strangers to nature, impolite and exploitative. They have spoiled the land, ruined the Indian and now, in their greed, want to take the little that is left under the pretext of improving a situation for which they themselves are responsible." It seems an accurate enough portrayal.

Moreover, certain Longhouse faithful believe the younger Seneca politicos are almost as bad as the whites. Many find them willing, if not eager, to compromise in order to advance themselves in the white world. Thus we find that the Seneca revolution of the 1830s has come full cycle —the orthodox today tend to suspect the Council for disloyalty and defalcation—whereas, originally, of course, it was the traditional chiefs who were overthrown for selling the reservations prior to the setting up of the present quasi-national structure.

The Dam, then, is a target for the frustrations of the Longhouse group and a sign of the Handsome Lake prophecy that the end of the world is approaching. For the Dam signifies the loss of most of their land, and the land is still their Mother.

There are other signs. The little water medicine, the most powerful of protective medicines, is diminishing and cannot be renewed. Only a small amount remains, say the Keepers of the Faith, and when it is

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gone, the Seneca will be gone. Only two or three men are capable of preaching in the Longhouse, and when they die, who will maintain the ceremonies? Furthermore, knowledge of the language is declining rapidly; it is doubtful whether anyone under the age of thirty can speak with real fluency. All of these circumstances herald doomsday. The world, it is said, will end in fire and on this occasion destruction must be complete; there will be no escape as there was from the flood. The atomic bomb may well be the flaming instrument of God's final judgment. In a remarkable metaphor of speech and gesture, one of the Longhouse faithful referred to the "rising smoke" by which he meant both the boiling mushroom cloud that is the bomb's aftermath, and the smoke rising from the tobacco burnt as an offering to God to stay the intentions of the Army Corps of Engineers. In one sweeping movement of his two hands, he converted the tobacco smoke ascending straight to Heaven, symbolic of peace and the Handsome Lake Code, symbolic of the Indian, into the obliterating smoke of the bomb, the white man's smoke, which in the mysterious ways of God becomes His redemption of His pledge to the Seneca faithful.

Only the truest of believers are destined for salvation. There will be no white men and few Seneca among them. Thus what may be the final paroxysm of this culture is seen as the end of the world by those who, by age and training, are able to remain loyal to it. And who can say that their perceptions are mistaken? Does not part of the world die, when a culture, a language, or even a generation that considers itself traditional, dies? But let me not close on so grim a note.

I have never encountered gayer, more enduring, more intelligent Americans than the Seneca.

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NOTEBOOK

Claude Brown

Ally Bush

When I was a wee colored tot wearing knickerbocker trousers and with a snotty nose, when Ralph J. Bunche was still an honest-to-goodness "colored" Negro such as Richard Wright, Sterling A. Brown, E. Franklin Frazier, and other angry colored men of that day, when that bountiful, beautiful black bitch located on the southern side of the Mediterranean Sea and hugged snuggly by the Atlantic and Indian Oceans, was being ravished by Europeans in the guise of concern for her poor savage inhabitants and in the name of Christianity, I met Ally Bush.

Ally Bush was only a nickname, of course, for a dirty-faced, sloppily dressed, awkward, thumb-sucking, light complexioned, thirteen year old, loud-mouthed colored boy from Harlem. Ally Bush was one of the most harmless people I have ever known, even up at Wiltwyck School for Boys, where I first met him. He had a propensity for doing crazy things, like sucking his thumb and one end of his shirt collar simultaneously, catching snakes and playing with them and crying if one of the snakes got away from him. He bellowed out everything he said, despite the banality of it, and always threatened to kick somebody's ass although he knew that he couldn't beat anyone who was likely to fight back. Ally Bush was fourteen years old when he was discharged from Wiltwyck School for Boys. And unlike many of the boys who left Wiltwyck, Ally Bush went home to his parents and not to a foster home.

I was discharged from Wiltwyck slightly more than a year after Ally Bush had left. A couple of months after my release from Wiltwyck, a good friend of mine was also discharged. Tito was his name. Tito lived downtown from me, but still in Harlem, on 114 Street. Ally Bush lived only a block away from Tito and he began coming uptown with him. We hung out together. Ally Bush had not changed in the least way since I had seen him at Wiltwyck. He was still loud, a dreamer and an incessant liar. One of the first lies he told me when Tito brought him to my house was that his father was a cop. I didn't believe it, but it didn't matter, because people rarely believed anything Ally Bush said and Ally Bush seldom said anything believable.

The first time my mother encountered Ally she raised an eyebrow and scrutinized him for a long time. She had never seen anyone kiss a dog in the mouth before, but there was Ally Bush kissing our dog Suzie Cue in the

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mouth voluntarily and repeatedly and smiling as he did it. For quite some time Mama thought Ally Bush was crazy, but not merely for kissing Suzie Cue. Ally Bush came to our house frequently and often stayed for hours just talking to and arguing with Suzie Cue. Sometimes Ally Bush would bring pickles, ice cream, cookies, and potato chips with him and would have a party with Suzie Cue, completely oblivious of everyone else in the house. I recall Mama asking me several times if Ally Bush was crazy. I told her that there was nothing wrong with him, he was just fond of dogs, insects and reptiles. After Mama had gotten to know Ally Bush- she—as did most people—began to like him enough to listen to all the lies he told. She even pretended to believe them. Once I asked Mama why she listened to all the lies that Ally Bush told her when she knew very well that they were merely lies. Mama retorted that Ally Bush didn't lie. he was just overendowed with imagination, but was a good person nevertheless.

During the next two years I got to know Ally Bush extremely well, we stole together. broke into stores together, played hooky together, and sometimes got caught by the police together. The last time I was at the New York State Training School for Boys at Warwick, New York, was because Ally Bush hadn't done something I told him to do, and he had given me his solemn promise that he would do it. I went to Warwick, Tito went to Woodburn Penitentiary for three years, and Ally Bush went to the Elmira Reformatory for three years. But neither Tito nor I could begrudge Ally Bush our misfortune; he just did things without any awareness of possible consequences.

The next time I saw Ally Bush was six years later. He was standing on the corner of 125 Street and Seventh Avenue wearing a fez, espousing black superiority and greeting everyone who approached him with: "As-Salaam-Alaikum." I invited Ally Bush to join me in a cup of coffee. He accepted.

As I sat in Chock Full O' Nuts drinking coffee and listened to Ally Bush relate how he had been converted to the Black Muslim faith while serving six months on the Rock (City Prison on New York's Rikers Island), I kept thinking that Ally hadn't changed significantly. Ally could not have been less than twenty-three years old, but he appeared to have merely aged chronologically. For nearly one and a half hours I sat with the hope that I was appearing to be interested in Ally's highly enthusiastic praise of Allah, Elijah Muhammad, and the Muslim Movement. Actually, I was exerting unusual restraint by not telling him that I had also felt strongly about the Muslim Movement as recently as two years ago, and that he would outgrow its absurd assertions.

During the past two years, I had encountered innumerable black Muslim neophytes who were aflame with the "new truths" contained in the message of the Honorable Elijah Muhammad. In fact I had begun to draw the conclusion that no native son could serve as much time as thirty days in any of New York City's prisons without being converted to Black Muslimism! However, the fervor of the other new Muslims to whom I had listened recently was mild compared to that of Ally. So I listened while Ally kept ranting on about the Muslim plan for building a black economy within "Goldberg's" economic empire in Harlem. He talked about moving

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Harlem's main thoroughfare from 125 Street to 145 Street and giving the enterprising Negro a chance to get a ground floor business establishment going. Many of the things he said met with sincere agreement from me. For I knew that there was but one Negro-owned business operating on the street level of 125 Street and that millions of black dollars were going into these businesses each year. But, after hearing him seriously relate the black man's supreme sin of creation of the "white Devil" in a test tube, I decided it was time for me to leave Ally and his delusions. But even after I had left, I still felt that his new-found cause and convictions were a good thing for him.

The next year or so I frequently encountered Ally on 125 Street and instead of awakening from the Muslim mesmerization he appeared to be getting more deeply involved all the time. He was getting quite a bit of recognition as a Seventh Avenue deprecator of the "goddam white man" and everyone who had time to listen enjoyed his speeches perhaps as much as I did. Ally often reprimanded me for buying the white man's whiskey and eating the unclean pork he sold to the poor unsuspecting children of Allah who had not yet heard or heeded the "word."

One day when I came home from work my father told me that he had seen Ally Bush on television in front of the United Nations building wearing one of those funny looking Arab costumes. When I asked what Ally was doing down there, Dad said he was marching around with some more people who he thought were mad about some man in Africa being killed. The next day when I read in the *New York Times* that the riot at the United Nations, which protested the death of Patrice Lumumba, had been led by an unidentified Arab who was believed to be the son of an Arabian prince, and saw the photograph of Ally, I laughed for a long time.

After the violent demonstration at the United Nations, practically all of Harlem's residents knew and praised Ally. When Ally spoke on 125 Street and Seventh Avenue his audiences were larger than they had ever been before. The people who listened to him were perhaps the most ignorant in New York City, collectively, but they knew two things that the *New York Times* in all its wisdom did not know. The members of Ally's audience knew that he was not the son of an Arabian prince or any other kind of prince. The audience also knew beyond a doubt that Ally, even though he was light-complexioned, was a Black Muslim; one whom they knew very well, perhaps better than Malcolm X. Ally had shown them how a "nigger" could go downtown and raise hell in the United Nations about Lumumba's death as he had said Ralph Bunche would have done had he been an "honest to goodness" Negro. Ally had also shown the world that there were a number of people in Harlem who strongly objected to the peckerwood-style lynching of Patrice Lumumba, and that their objections, vehemently expressed, could cause as great a furor in the U.N. as Mr. Khrushchev's table-banging.

Today, Ally is in jail awaiting trial for murder... He waits alone, the

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Black Muslims have disowned him; his street corner audience is listening to whoever is willing to orate on cold winter nights. Most people say Ally is innocent but that he will be electrocuted because a white man died, a white bill collector died in Harlem and the "nigger" who had the intolerable nerve to overtly resent the lynching of Lumumba is gonna pay for it . . . Where the hell in that Black Heaven can Allah be?

A Document of Modern History

Bukharin Speaks to the "Devil"

In the May 1963 issue of *Unser Zeit*, the Yiddish-language journal of the Jewish Labor Bund, there appears an important memoir by the late Lydia Dan, wife of the Menshevik leader Theodore Dan. During the early thirties, relates Mrs. Dan, either when Hitler's asccession to power seemed imminent or shortly after he had already taken power, the German Social Democrats were concerned over the disposal of Karl Marx's papers, which had until then been kept in their files. The Soviet government, which somehow heard of this, put out some feelers offering to buy the papers, and the German Social Democrats, desperate for funds, expressed some interest. As intermediaries in the negotiations—which finally came to nothing—there served the Russian Menshevik exiles, then living in Paris.

To the surprise of the Menshevik group, an official delegation came from Moscow. It consisted of Nikolai Bukharin, former chairman of the Comintern, Tichomiroff, and a third Russian whose name Mrs. Dan did not recall. Negotiations were conducted and then . . . But here we turn directly to Mrs. Dan's memoir, translating, in slightly condensed form, from the Yiddish.

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"Soon thereafter an event occurred which I want to relate. I do not want to take it with me to the grave, and the other participants, Theodore Dan and Bukharin, are now dead. I am certain that Dan revealed it to no one, not even to Nicolaevsky [his close friend and a leading Russian Menshevik] who should have known of it. But Dan thought that this might harm Bukharin in some way. I am convinced that Bukharin also took the 'secret' with him. [It was publicly mentioned for the first time at the famous Kravchenko trial in Paris.]

"Once—I cannot recall the exact date—around two in the afternoon there was a ring at the bell of our apartment. I opened the door and to my complete amazement—I saw Bukharin. In great agitation he began to apologize for coming uninvited and without even telephoning. He said

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that his decision 'to talk things over' came from an irresistible 'inner need' (I remember this expression very well, for at the time it took me completely aback); he added that no one knew about it, that no one should know. I was so astonished I could not mask my feelings and this only heightened Bukharin's agitation. However, both Dan and I received him with warmth, and Bukharin remained at our house until eight that evening. When he rose to leave, Dan asked him, 'And where will you say you spent the time?' Bukharin answered sheepishly, 'I will find something to say.' Nor did it appear strange to him that he should be treated as a schoolboy who had to make his excuses . . .

"At first the conversation was stiff. Bukharin was greatly perturbed, and Dan was bewildered, so much so he found it difficult to act the part of the host. On some pretext I left the room, to make it easier for them. When I returned an hour later, the conversation was extremely animated.

"Bukharin was speaking about Stalin; indeed, he did most of the talking while Dan listened in disbelief. As I came in I heard Dan say, 'You can hardly suspect me of sympathies for Stalin, yet even I could not talk or think of him in the way you do.'

"With great excitement Bukharin hastened to reply: 'That is because you do not know him as well as I do, as he has revealed himself to us . . . I have just told you that they would buy up Marx's remains and transfer them to Moscow; they would even put up a monument—not a very big one, but they would put it up next to one of Stalin, where Stalin would be holding a pencil, as if to make corrections in *Kapital* . . . Stalin is wretched because he cannot convince everyone, not even himself, that he is greater than anyone else. Perhaps this wretchedness is his one human trait, but there is something inhuman, something devilish in the fact that because of his wretchedness he is compelled to take revenge on everyone, particularly those who are in some way better or more distinguished than he. If someone is a betetr orator than Stalin, he is doomed, because that person is a constant reminder to Stalin that he is not the first among orators; if someone is a better writer, his fate is sealed, because Stalin alone must be the foremost Russian writer . . . No, Theodore Ilyitch, he is a wretched, a malicious man; he is not even a man, he is a devil . . . '

"I will never forget the expression on Bukharin's face as he said these words. His usually good-natured features were distorted by fear and revulsion.

"Dan was shaken by Bukharin's words. He asked him: 'But how can it be that under such conditions you and other Communists had such blind faith in this devil to entrust their fate, the fate of the party and the entire country to him?' Bukharin remained extremely agitated: 'You will not understand, for we did not trust him, we trusted the figure he made. He has become a symbol in whom the lower strata, the workers, the people believe. Perhaps it is our fault, but that is how it happened, and that is why we all stick in his throat. And we know with certainty that he will devour us, and he knows we know, and he is only waiting for the opportune moment . . . '

"At this point I could not contain myself any longer, and asked: 'If that is so, why are you crawling into his jaws? Why do you go back?'

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"A look of naive bewilderment came over Bukharin's face, and with an almost disparaging gesture he said, 'What would it mean not to return? To remain in emigration? No, I could not live an existence like yours.' Then he turned hastily to Dan and said: 'Theodore Ilyitch, if fascism should win out in France, go immediately to the Russian Embassy and they will shelter you . . .'

"Dan could not help exclaiming at Bukharin's naivete: 'Have you forgotten that my Soviet passport was taken from me and that should I set foot on Soviet soil—the Embassy is Soviet territory—I would be shot.' It was as if Bukharin had not really grasped what Dan was saying. He replied in all earnestness, 'But, Theodore Ilyitch, who takes this matter of citizenship seriously?'

"And that is how we parted, not understanding one another. Bukharin left with genuine regret that such as valuable person as Dan was 'lost'; we remained with the conviction that we had parted forever with a man who was pure in spirit but already doomed . . ."

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A post-script to Lydia Dan's memoir: Theodore Dan emigrated to New York, where he died a natural death. Bukharin, who in his blind good-will had urged Dan to entrust himself to the Soviet Embassy, was one of the defendants at the Moscow Trials, after which he was shot.

EVEN IF KENNEDY'S TAX PROPOSAL WERE TO PASS . . .

"The Administration's tax proposals violate seriously those considerations of equity and social justice which no great and rich nation can in good conscience afford to neglect. The proposed personal income tax reduction schedule would increase the spendable personal income—income after taxes—of the $3,000 (before tax) family with two children by only 2 per cent; the $5,000 family by only 3.1 per cent; the $10,000 family by only 3.5 per cent. In contrast the $100,000 family would gain by 11.2 per cent; and the $200,000 family by 23.8 per cent. I can see no possible defense—economic, social, or moral—for this kind of maldistribution of the subsidies involved in a planned Federal deficit in the form of tax reduction. Mathematically speaking, it is impossible to increase appreciably the aftertax income of the lower-income family by means of tax reduction, because that family pays so little in taxes now. This simple truth underscores the point that, while tax reduction may alleviate our economic difficulties in some degree, programs other than tax reduction must be found to help first those who need help most, and, concurrently, to provide a sounder basis for improvement of our overall economic performance. Among these other programs are social security expansion; improved minimum wage laws; larger public welfare outlays; larger public outlays for housing, education, and health services; lower interest rates; a more realistic wage policy; and above all, effective measures to cut unemployment."—Leon Keyserling, "A Time for Boldness," *The Progressive,* April 1963

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Compromise, Retreat, Inaction:

T.R.B. is the Washington commentator of The New Republic, *James Reston head of the* New York Times *Washington Bureau. Both are familiar Kennedy supporters, and with the two of them talking this way there's not much the radical left needs to add—for the moment.*

T.R.B., August 27, 1962: "As to public apathy, that's Kennedy's fault. The President makes the climate of opinion in America and he hasn't done it on the economy. The result—when he needed grass roots support for a tax cut it wasn't there."

T.R.B., September 17: "As unemployment drags on and the Administration temporizes the demand for Federal spending grows."

T.R.B., December 1: "It is hard to reconcile the boldness of the Administration in foreign affairs with its timidity at home on the economic front. The single greatest failure of Kennedy is the continuance of massive unemployment and the sluggish economy. This is the more remarkable since the President is aware of it himself."

T.R.B., December 22: "Here is the comparative average annual rate of growth of the seven largest industrial nations, 1955–1960 reduced to the same scale: Japan, 9.4; USSR, 6.5; West Germany, 6; Italy, 5.9; France, 4.2; UK, 2.7; USA, 2.3.

"Not a very proud position for Americans is it, at the tail end of the procession? And President Kennedy, who was going to get the country moving again, hasn't improved it much."

James Reston, January 11, 1963: "As Mr. Kennedy knows better than anybody else, the problems he identified in the campaign of 1960 remain. The education of our people is still lagging far behind the requirements of our time. The economy is sluggish and uneven. The balance-of-payments problem remains extremely serious. The transportation of the country is a disgrace. And apparently very little thought has been given to the effect on the American character of policies that drive people off the land into urban areas that in many cases are not worthy of a civilized nation."

T.R.B., February 2: "Mr. Kennedy reveals the tax 'reforms' he has tied into his package. Not a word about cutting the 27½ per cent oil depletion allowance, the granddaddy of all loopholes."

T.R.B., March 2: "Indeed, Mr. Kennedy may find that a middle-of-the-road course won't work in a two-lane expressway. Compromise and moderation are misplaced if the need requires something more radical."

Reston, March 8: "Kennedy's domestic proposals, meanwhile, have run into serious opposition on both the extreme right and left on Capitol Hill . . . he is being attacked savagely by both the conservatives and the progressives in both parties. . . .

"In this situation, Kennedy's style and his philosophy of patience are not working. He wins the admiration of the Capitol but not its votes. . . .

"He is losing gracefully on Capitol Hill and in the Alliance, but he is losing."

T.R.B., April 13: "The mood in Washington is subtly depressing with Mr. Kennedy conspicuously avoiding showdowns with Congress, and Congress taking a 10-day Easter rest from the burden of not having done anything for three months. . . . John F. Kennedy maintains a cool, confident demeanor and sticks to the legislative 'rhythm' theory that Congress, left to itself, will ultimately act. . . .

"Mr. Kennedy's technique is now familiar—to talk a strong line and then compromise. The quickness of these compromises is startling and lowers supporters' morale. . . ."

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COMMUNICATIONS

Henri Rabasseire

Taking Issue With "Armageddon"

Mr. Donat's moving defense of the Jewish underground in Poland ["Armageddon," DISSENT, Spring 1963] comes as a timely answer to the attacks which have been levelled at the political and moral stance of European Jews during the Hitler period. Unfortunately he mixes truth with assumptions, and both with an emotionalism which leads him from defense to attack. Some of his attacks are deplorable, and some gratuitous.

The reparations which Germany pays to Israel have always been understood to be restitution of material losses; no one ever suggested that they should repay the loss of life and happiness, or that they could restore criminals to honor. To say that "the Chancellor has attempted morally to disarm the victims by bribery" is both an insult and an untruth—and what gives Mr. Donat the right to sit in "moral judgment" over a whole nation? Would he, as a Jew, like to be held responsible for the extermination of Arab villages in Palestine, for the expulsion of an entire population from home and property, for the degradation of the original population to second grade citizens, for the Suez war of 1956? I never expected to see the day when a socialist magazine, least of all DISSENT, publishes a wholesale indictment of a nation.

Mr. Donat, however, is unfair not only to nations but to individuals, too. He attacks Bruno Bettelheim with these words: "from the safety of America, he chose to start a war against Anne Frank." Bettelheim is a graduate from a concentration camp, and he did not make war against Ann Frank. He wondered why people unjustly condemned to die, nevertheless do not offer resistance. And that applies to the gladiators in ancient Rome as well as to the Frank family. One may quarrel with Dr. Bettelheim's answer; but his question is not only legitimate, it is vital if we are ever to understand the meaning of liberty, or of its opposite.

On the substance of the dispute, Mr. Donat makes a number of highly pertinent observations, but they are contradictory. It is not true that Jews "collaborated in their destruction," for there was resistance, such as the Warsaw uprising. Such uprisings, however, only saved the honor of the condemned, not their lives; they may even have precipitated a slaughter worse than that which they opposed, as witnessed by the wholesale murder of Dutch Jews in reprisal for the resistance put up by some. On the other hand, those who did not resist may have been misled by their own misconceptions and the deliberate deception of their murderers; many who went to join the transport train to

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Auschwitz hoped to find their relatives or expected to be placed in a ghetto to survive the war. This behavior was unrealistic but it was not foolish, nor necessarily a sign of cravenness. Thousand years of Jewish memories gave the victims that same council: wiggle through and survive, like your forefathers. It seems to me that Mr. Donat shares with Dr. Bettelheim a common Jewish fear to admit the virtues of cowardice. We are a race which did not survive by natural selection of the bravest, but by evasive action, as most oppressed minorities do.

Nature has endowed man with anxiety, i.e., the ability to anticipate danger and the urge to flee from it; but as psychologists know, we often flee from danger by merely closing our eyes to it, or substitute a momentary, or even imaginary danger for a permanent and real one. All these misconceptions can be laid at the Jews' door, but then, political debates always consists in disagreements about precisely this point: where the "main enemy" is, and whether action should be taken against the imminent or against the ultimate danger.

Mr. Donat is wrong in "excusing" the Jews on grounds of attenuating circumstances, and he is doubly wrong in comparing their performance under the Nazis with the American performance under McCarthy. For one, there was real danger in the former case, whereas the American people cringed under an imaginary danger. Secondly, the liberal coward or ex-communist turncoat hoped to save his skin—a contemptible but rational action, not unlike that of German opportunists who served the Nazis. Those who did not choose this course are heroes and martyrs, i.e., they suffered deliberately, of their own will. But the case of the Jews is quite different. They did not assume this burden of their own will. They were not persecuted for what they believe but for what they are. They could not escape persecution, and therefore their resistance was not heroism. Heroism never belongs to a people, but is a personal act of choice. Most Jews had no choice, and therefore, it is legitimate to ask why they did not resist.

There were heroes among the Jews, both passive and active heroes. The much maligned Leo Baeck was a martyr and a hero, because he went to the concentration camp after he had been abroad. Many Germans were heroes because they incurred danger to themselves by helping Jewish citizens. Partisans in other nations were heroes when they took up arms against the oppressor. They did so in obedience to their conscience, rejecting the alternative of knuckling under or of collaborating. For Jews, resistance was not a matter of conscience, but the most rational response to an extreme provocation. Bettelheim has asked the simple question: Why do people not act rationally in extreme situations? Why were there no more Grynspans?

This is not a question of condemning or exculpating any number of Jewish leaders. It is a basic question of political behavior. Why does Mr. Donat assume that in an "extreme situation" one gives up? Would it not be more natural for a desperate man to decide that if he has to perish, his tormentor too should perish? But it is true that in the most extreme situations very few people fight back. For a hundred years the Negroes in the United States have suffered and evaded, and vainly waited for "the world" to have pity on them. Now they are fighting back, and lo, "the world" is taking an interest in them.

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Resistance against evil always is politically the better course of action. To point an accusing finger at "the world" and ask it to justify itself morally, is a childish game; to judge entire nations morally is downright fascist. In speaking of "the Germans" Mr. Donat is committing intellectual genocide. The majority of "the" Germans whom Mr. Donat accuses of Hitler's crimes were minors or unborn when he came to power. I think it is a disgrace for a socialist magazine to publish such prejudiced outbursts which it ought to fight. Nationalism and socialism are enemies; the phobia of another nation is poison to any democracy. As a Jew, I have suffered enough from anti-Semitism to be wary of any collective slander. As a writer, I am ashamed that this happened in our magazine and I hope that this letter of one will atone for the collective guilt of all.

Alexander Donat replies:

Mr. Rabasseire's uncontrolled and not too courteous outburst is disturbing but not totally surprising. His torrent of abuse virtually relieves me of the duty of answering. However, I have decided to answer him lest readers be misled by his well-worn stock phrases.

Some youthful delusions and cliches get fossilized, they don't change no matter what happens. According to the book a socialist's mortal sin is to accuse "a whole nation," including the precious proletariat which is taboo. To do so is "collective slander," "phobia of other nations," "nationalism," "outright fascism," and "intellectual genocide." The tragic truth is, of course, that the German proletariat didn't behave according to the book; the German (and many other) "comrades" destroyed the myth of international class solidarity as a political factor. William Shirer in his *Rise and Fall of the Third Reich* states very candidly: "No class or group or party in Germany could escape its share of responsibility for the abandonment of the democratic Republic and the advent of Adolf Hitler." No class. No group. No party. Which means the entire nation. This is common knowledge, every decent German admits it, and Mr. Rabasseire knows it as well as anybody else. It is not unsocialistic honestly to state the facts no matter how bitter and deplorable; it is rather unsocialistic to make a taboo of what doesn't fit into the dogma. To please Mr. Rabasseire I am, however, willing to modify the wording: instead of "the Germans" I agree to use the formulation: "the Nazi murderers, followed blindly by 99.99 per cent of the German nation." Does that sound better to Mr. Rabasseire's orthodox ears?

Mr. Rabasseire finds me also unfair to Bruno Bettelheim who, as it turns out, didn't start a war against Anne Frank. All I can do is to suggest that he read Bettelheim's book. He will certainly change his opinion.

I can't help having the impression that, carried away by his anger, Mr. Rabasseire omitted to read or consider entire sections of my article. Otherwise he wouldn't accuse me of sharing with Dr. Bettelheim "a common Jewish fear

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to admit the virtues of cowardice"—except that I call it "responsibility." Also: where do I "excuse" the Jews on grounds of attenuating circumstances? The gist of my article was just to state in all candor that whenever the possibility existed, the Jews *did* put up a resistance. Whether Jewish resistance was heroism or plain performance of duty was at no time an issue in my article. Also: where do I assume that in an "extreme situation" one gives up? Now, it is a mere trick to put into your opponent's mouth words he never used and then to destroy them. Mr. Rabasseire should certainly know better than that.

As a contributor to DISSENT, Mr. Rabasseire can only be proud that it published the article, especially if he is right in saying that it does not agree with the magazine's "line" (which, in my humble opinion, is not the case). It only shows that DISSENT has the honesty and courage to print non-conformist articles.

And last not least: "What gives Mr. Donat the right to sit in 'moral judgment' over a whole nation"? asks Mr. Rabasseire indignantly. I was *there,* Mr. Rabasseire, and everybody who was there (and *only* who was there) has the right to pass moral judgment. If I chose to be pathetic I could answer that the six million victims annihilated by that nation gave me the right and *the message* to do it. It is incredible that a Jew and a socialist, in a travesty of "objectivity," chooses to absolve a nation of murderers and soapmakers. What gives Mr. Rabasseire *this* right? Service is rendered by it neither to the Jews nor to the cause of a new Germany (let's hope) for which the handful of real German democrats fight.

Irving Howe comments:

As the editor responsible for printing Mr. Donat's article I wish to say a word about the charge that it is a "disgrace" to print such an article. For a socialist magazine to have printed a defense of German nationalism would be a disgrace. But to print a polemic against those who now pass judgment on the victims of German nationalism; to print, that is, an outcry of Jewish feeling—even, if you wish, of Jewish national feeling—seems to me both a necessity and an honor. One need not agree with every opinion in Mr. Donat's article in order to recognize its importance: which leads me to conclude that my friend Henri Rabasseire is being somewhat too inclusive when he takes upon himself atonement for our "collective guilt."

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Lewis Coser

THE HUNGARIAN REVOLUTION REVISITED

On the evening of October 22, 1956, groups of students converged on the Budapest Radio station requesting that it broadcast their demands: for the withdrawal of Soviet troops from Hungary, and for free elections and freedom of expression. Shortly after 9 P.M., tear gas bombs were thrown from the radio building at the waiting crowds, and the secret police opened fire, killing and wounding a number of the demonstrators. The infuriated crowd attacked back, wresting its first weapons from the police reinforcements arriving on the scene. The military forces sent to the area hesitated briefly, then sided with the crowds. The Hungarian Revolution had begun.

Early on November 4, the revolutionary station Radio Free Kossuth broadcast: "This is the Association of Hungarian Writers. We turn to the leaders of intellectual life in all countries. Our time is limited. You all know the facts. There is no need to expand on them. Help Hungary! Help the Hungarian writers, scientists, workers, peasants, and intelligentsia. Help! Help! Help!" The signal was discontinued soon after this appeal. The Russian tanks which had been rolling into Budapest since daybreak had taken over; strikes and sporadic fighting would continue for a while, but the Hungarian Revolution was dead.

Yet, though it lasted only a short two weeks, this revolution turned out to be among the most crucial historical events of the postwar period. It threw into bold relief central issues of policy and political morality both in the East and in the West; it challenged many previously held notions about the dynamics of revolution in the 20th century; and it posed an as yet unsolved problem for the political sensibilities of our age. Two recent studies, Ferenc A. Váli's *Rift and Revolution in Hungary** and Paul Kecskemeti's *The Unexpected Revolution*,** the former a detailed factual account, the latter a briefer but more penetrating sociological analysis, afford a welcome occasion for attempting to assess the meaning of the revolution—with the advantage of distance provided by subsequent history.

Mr. Kecskemeti's title is well chosen; I know of no observer who expected the revolution. Nobody in the West, certainly, had any inkling of the events to come. And among the participants themselves hardly any seemed to have anticipated the outbreak. The students and writers

* Harvard University Press, 590 pp., $9.75.
** Stanford University Press, 178 pp., $4.75.

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who clamored for more freedom surely thought only of reforms; even the crowds swarming into the streets of Budapest initially had on the first day of the outbreak no revolutionary intentions. Imre Nagy, who was to become the revolutionary Prime Minister and who had done much to prepare the intellectual climate that helped precipitate the events, acted in the beginning more like a bewildered Communist sorcerer-apprentice than a revolutionary leader. Finally, there is no evidence that either the regime in office or its Kremlin masters had any intimation of what was to befall.

Impulse to Revolution

This was, indeed, a *spontaneous* revolution. It resembled in many ways the course of events prophesied by Rosa Luxemburg, the romantic and utopian visionary of the revolutionary left of World War I, rather than the Bolshevist image of a scientifically managed uprising which prevailed in the October revolution of 1917. Ever since the failure of the Spanish Revolution, most intellectuals of the West had come to believe that the age of spontaneous revolt against state tyranny was over, the days of the barricades past: for with the monopoly of weapons in the hands of a totalitarian state, spontaneous resistance was foredoomed. In the writings of analysts like Hannah Arendt, totalitarianism was seen as a system in which the ruling elite had succeeded in so atomizing society and isolating men, in so disintegrating any form of class or national allegiance, that no possibility of articulated discontent, let alone open revolt, could be foreseen. The Hungarian events forcibly reminded us that this view had seriously oversimplified matters.

To be sure, the Hungarian October uprising could not have happened had there not been a prolonged crisis within the top ruling group, brought on by the question of the succession to Stalin. In Hungary, Stalin's death had forced into the open the disagreements and controversy in the party leadership, and thus had created the conditions favorable to a spontaneous mass movement. Only the prior erosion of the unity of the party elite made possible the re-emergence of the masses on the public scene. Now, most students of totalitarianism before the Hungarian events had not sufficiently considered that the dominating elite wthin totalitarian regimes anywhere may be quite prone to "internal contradictions." Western commentators were still too often inclined to accept at face value the Soviet affirmations of monolithic unity. This is not to say that personal rivalries and the contentions of different cliques for power and preferment invariably cause mass activity; but when such disagreements reveal uncertainty among the elite to the extent that its domination suddenly appears vulnerable, when the public image of unity is shattered, then the arcanum of power loses its efficacy. And by a chain reaction, the masses who had passively hoped at most for concessions from above may suddenly gather enough strength to make *active* demands.

Then why, we may ask, did the revolution not spread to other

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satellites where some of the same conditions prevailed? One can give no definitive answer, but it is a fact that not only were objective political and economic conditions particularly bad in Hungary, but the Hungarian people actually felt their deprivations more keenly than the people of the less developed satellites. In Hungary, a short interlude of improvement had been followed by a new tightening of economic and political restrictions; under the unspeakable ultra-Stalinist Rakosi, the regime of terror had been more rigid and domineering than ever. The Polish Communist party, especially after the warning signal of the Poznan riots, succeeded in containing the thrust of the masses and the disaffected intellectuals by making major concessions to their demands, neutralizing these demands in effect by partially incorporating them into official policy. In Hungary, Rakosi and his successor Geroe, like the Stalinist Bourbons they were, had been unable to learn anything from previous events and were unwilling to forget the days under Stalin when they enjoyed absolute domination. But the brief "liberal" interlude under Imre Nagy's premiership from 1953 to early 1955 had raised high expectations in the country at large, and when Nagy was toppled by the Stalinists the return to the old regime was acutely resented and popular discontent especially exacerbated by the withdrawal of various liberal concessions previously granted. De Tocqueville saw clearly that partial improvement rather than utter unrelieved misery lies at the root of revolutionary upheavals. Analyzing the French Revolution he wrote: ". . . The French found their condition the more unsupportable in proportion to its improvement. . . . Revolutions are not always brought about by a decline from bad to worse. Nations that have endured patiently and almost unconsciously the most overwhelming oppression often burst into rebellion against the yoke the moment it begins to grow lighter. . . . Evils which are patiently endured when they seem inevitable become intolerable when once the idea of escape from them is suggested."

One further factor distinguished Hungary from the other satellites: the Communist party had long been wracked by violent internal terrorism, under Rakosi, who imprisoned hundreds of leading party members and thousands of militants. Most had been part of the small underground during the Horthy regime and the Nazis, but even Moscow Communists like Nagy, who had come back only with the Russian armies, were in prison for years. Though rankling with hatred of the leadership in power, these party militants were not necessarily enemies of the Soviet regime. When they were finally released, they provided an alternative set of leaders—together with the non-Communist political figures also being released slowly—who were ready to articulate the smoldering feelings of discontent among the people.

This Is Not the Way to Live

The hard-boiled realists who dominated the field of Soviet study prior to the Hungarian revolution were wont to sneer at those who still

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believed in the possibility of a type of revolution that belonged to the 19th century. And yet, one of the most amazing things about the events in Hungary was the fact that in so many respects they resembled the Revolution of 1848. The Hungarian revolt rose, above all, on a wave of *national* sentiment, transcending all class boundaries and unifying the country against the foreign overlords. At the same time, it was a profoundly *democratic* revolution, demanding the restoration of freedom of speech, press, and assembly, and the right to organize opposition parties. It was democratic also in the sense that it led almost immediately to the establishment of Revolutionary and Workers' Councils —that is, to institutions of popular self-government. When the Soviet Russian tanks rumbled into Budapest on the 4th of November, they destroyed, as Ignazio Silone noted at the time, the only free soviets in existence anywhere in the world. Like many 19th-century revolutions, this Hungarian one was nursed among students and intellectuals; but it was the industrial workers whose revolutionary activity was best organized and lasted the longest. As Kecskemeti observes about the Budapest general strike: for the "first time in history the syndicalist myth of the revolutionary strike as set forth by Georges Sorel actually became the basis of sustained action by the entire industrial population of a country." The old social democratic tradition of the Hungarian working class had re-asserted itself; the allegedly "atomized" workers had established self-governing bodies literally within hours: the first workers' councils was set up at the Incandescent Lamp Works in Budapest on October 24, and within three days the movement had spread over the whole country. These self-governing bodies became together with the Freedom Fighters who did the actual battling the very mainstay of the Revolution.

Among the welter of somewhat contradictory demands that arose in Hungary once the people had won a bit of freedom, there appeared an overreaching cry (I paraphrase here from a pamphlet Irving Howe and I wrote at the time of the revolution) which, though articulated most eloquently by the students and intellectuals, clearly voiced the feelings of the vast bulk of the population: *This is not the way to live.* Speaking against the terror and deceit to which they had been subjected for the past decade, and with that rare confidence which is possible to individuals only when they know that behind them stand millions of their countrymen, the intellectuals and students raised the most revolutionary of 20th-century slogans: *This is not the way to live.* And one ventures to think that this cry of despair and of hope, arising then most forcibly in Poland and Hungary, may perhaps not be irrelevant to an understanding of the stresses and strains that plague contemporary Soviet society.

Effects of the Suez Crisis

And yet Russian tanks did crush the revolution, thus seemingly confirming the skeptic's prediction that in the age of Great Powers no

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revolution on the fringes of an empire stands a chance. The matter is indeed considerably more complicated. It must be remembered that the street fighters succeeded initially in driving the Soviet forces out of Budapest. By the end of October there were no more Soviet tanks in the city. To be sure, the Russians could have brought in overwhelming forces to crush the Budapest fighters within a short time. But this is as true as it is irrelevant. The Russians had to take into consideration the impact of their actions on public opinion in the West and neutral countries, and they also had to watch the repercussions in their own bloc and among their own Western Communist parties, where much of their ideological appeal depended on maintaining the myth of Russian fraternity and "socialist guidance." More particularly, their appeal for the population of the underdeveloped countries was in great part built upon the image of Russia as a fraternal ally in the struggle against imperialism. This appeal suffered serious damage from the very outbreak of the Hungarian revolution. An Indian daily, the Amabala *Tribune,* wrote at the time: "Both the Soviet Union and the Western powers are imperialists, the difference between the two being one of degree." Such an attitude, if widespread in the non-Western world, would have irremediably destroyed the key Soviet weapon in the ideological battles of the cold war. Most probably this was the reason that, after prolonged hesitancy and soul-searching and a great deal of factional squabbling in the Kremlin, the Russians made their decision to withdraw from Budapest.

Whey then did they return, a few short days later, to crush the revolution with the most callous brutality? I am convinced that at least one of the determinants, perhaps the major one, was the outbreak of the Suez conflict. That conflict was entering its most crucial phase precisely on November 1, the day when the presidium, "having thought about it a long time"—as Khrushchev said later—decided to remove the Hungarian government by military intervention and reinstall a subservient full-fledged Communist regime. U.S. opposition to Israel, and to the Franco-British action in Suez, was now an open fact: with this deep rift among the allies, it was unlikely that they would intervene in Hungary. But even more important, at the very moment that neutralist public opinion began to concern itself with the emergence of Russian imperialism, its attention was diverted to the sudden imperialist adventure of France and Britain in Egypt.

The Russians must have looked upon the Suez adventure as something akin to a providential aid. Indeed, a study of the world's leading newspapers for November 2, 1956 (*One Day in the World's Press: Fourteen Great Newspapers on a Day of Crisis**) shows graphically how world attention shifted from Hungary to Suez. United States representatives in the UN and elsewhere let it be understood that their country would have acted more forcefully in regard to Hungary had the

* Edited by Wilbur Schramm, Stanford University Press, 1959.

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British and French not made this impossible by their Suez action. But, according to Anthony Eden's reminiscences in *Full Circle:* "The United States representative [in the UN] . . . voiced his suspicion that we were urging the Hungarian situation to divert attention from Suez. The U.S. Government appeared in no hurry to move. Their attitude provided a damaging contrast to the alacrity they were showing in arraigning the French and ourselves." It is rather ludicrous to contemplate Anthony Eden, himself largely responsible for the Suez adventure, complaining that the United States by sharply moving against Britain had diverted attention from Hungary. But the fact remains that the Suez action in itself, as well as the split between the United States and the Franco-British coalition, helped greatly to take the heat off Khrushchev.

The U.S. and the U.N.

Nevertheless, American official passivity when finally confronted with the "liberation" for which American policy under John Foster Dulles had clamored for years, needs a fuller explanation. America's action in the Hungarian crisis revealed that the so-called policy of liberation had in fact never been a policy but only a verbal smokescreen, a "noble lie." As Hans Morgenthau wrote in *Commentary** shortly after the revolution: "The events of the fall of 1956 have opened up a gap between our verbal commitment to a policy of liberation and the actual policy we pursued when the opportunity, not to *initiate* liberation, but to support it after it had alerady been achieved, arose in Hungary. These events made obvious what some of us had suspected all along, that the United States was actually pursuing a policy of containment conceived not in terms of liberation, but of an implicit and thus far unacknowledged agreement to recognize the existence of spheres of influence. . . . The United States, far from seeking out or creating opportunities for opening the door to liberation, has proven to be unwilling to even enter the door when a satellite nation kicks it wide open." Here is the chief reason why the State Department inhibited any kind of effort in the UN to exert real pressure on Russia.

It is a heart-rending and at the same time sickening experience to consult the UN records of those days. On November 1, shortly after noon, a teleprinter at the UN building began to clack out a call from Premier Nagy to Dag Hammarskjöld: "Reliable reports have reached the government of the Hungarian People's Republic that further Russian units are entering into Hungary. The Prime Minister . . . demanded the instant and immediate withdrawal of these Soviet forces. He informed the Soviet ambassador that the Hungarian government immediately repudiates the Warsaw treaty, and at the same time, declares Hungary's neutrality. . . . Therefore I request your excellency promptly to put on the agenda of the forthcoming general assembly of the UN the question of Hungary's neutrality and the defense of this neutrality

* "The Revolution in U.S. Foreign Policy," February 1957.

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by the four great powers." Two hours later this message was being circulated in mimeograph form to all UN delegates, but it bore no marks of urgency, buried in the incoming boxes with a pile of other mimeographed material. At 5 P.M. the General Assembly began its extraordinary session on Suez. Not until 2:30 P.M. of November 2 was anything said about Hungary on the floor of the Assembly, at which time the Indian delegate made a passing reference to "some difficulties in Hungary." Shortly before adjournment, John Foster Dulles, in closing, briefly mentioned Hungary, saying that he hoped the matter would be kept urgently before the Security Council. When the Council met later in the afternoon, more than twenty-four hours after Nagy's appeal had reached New York, it consumed hours in legalistic arguments; finally Henry Cabot Lodge made a most moving speech about Hungary—but proposed no resolution to put the matter before the Assembly. (In the Council, the Soviet veto of course prevented any action.) When the Council again met the next day, Lodge stated hopefully "that adjournment for a day or two would give a real opportunity to the Hungarian government to carry out its announced desire to arrange for an orderly and immediate evacuation of all Soviet troops." The Australian, as well as other delegates, suggested that the situation in Hungary was desperate and urged the Council reconvene no later than the next day, November 4. When this was put to vote, the only two who voted against it—and hence *for* further delay—were the Iranian President of the Council and Lodge. By the time the Council did meet again the Russians had already begun their invasion; it was too late. But Lodge rose in the Assembly to say "how much our hearts go out to the people of Hungary, and with how much warmth and feeling we think of them." Finally, when Budapest was already securely in Russian hands, the Assembly voted an American resolution condemning Russia and asking her to withdraw her troops at once. Is comment needed?

When All Seems Lost . . .

But what could the West have done? Would not any help to Hungary have brought forth Russian atomic retaliation and hence involved the world in atomic suicide? It is perhaps idle to speculate on such matters, but I am not at all certain that Western threats to send "volunteers" to Hungary—much as the Soviet Union has several times suggested the intervention of their "volunteers" in the Middle East—might not have led the Russians to reconsider their decision of November 1 to re-occupy all of Hungary. However, questions of this sort are not really the decisive ones. The major issue was not military at all; it was political. The policy of "liberation" having been exposed as a sham, it became clear that the American government was committed to maintaining the status quo and was unwilling, and probably unable, to suggest a political alternative. Yet such an alternative was, I believe, available. Richard Lowenthal was one of the few political commentators who suggested it soon after the event: "The West could have offered to make

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the loss of the satellite empire strategically tolerable for Russia by matching a Soviet withdrawal from Eastern Europe with an American withdrawal from Western Europe. . . . The offer of an American withdrawal on condition of full freedom for Eastern Europe would have transformed the situation; not only would it have given immense encouragement to the freedom movements throughout the satellite states, but it would have added to the calculations of the Soviet leaders the one consideration which might have induced them to give in." Nothing that has happened since this was written could lead one to disagree with the analysis. The Soviet Politbureau and Presidium patently hesitated during the crucial days, playing it by ear. And while nobody can say for certain whether they would have accepted the offer, it *is* certain that they would seriously have considered it. But we know that no move along these lines was ever officially attempted; in fact, the absolute rigidity of the American posture has not fundamentally changed since the days of John Foster Dulles—though there have been many changes of detail. Yet I daresay that had such a proposal as Lowenthal speaks of been put forward seriously, there would have been a chance that the frightful world in which we now live might be a very different place. The policy-makers of the West, the Edens as well as the Foster Dulleses, will not be able to escape a heavy share of the responsibility for the crushing of the Hungarian revolution. This we ought to remember, even as we recall the brutalty and ferocity of Khrushchev's allegedly "liberal" course.

The Hungarian revolution failed—but even in its failure it deeply influenced the subsequent course of history. For Khrushchev and his companions it was a traumatic event, revealing within their empire hatreds and discontents which they had either been unaware of or able to disregard. The revolution forced upon them the realization that there is a limit to terror; it was, therefore, indubitably one factor in the final loosening of the reins both in the Soviet Union and its satellites. The Hungarian episode may also have led the Kremlin masters to realize that their power rested on foundations more fragile than they had thought. And certainly, the revolution was one of the events which contributed to the emergence in the Communist world of a more polycentric vision of Communism, to an awareness of the risks, if not of the impossibility, of insisting upon monolithic unity in the Soviet camp.

American policy-makers, one fears, have learned little. But Western intellectuals ought to have learned that even when all seems lost there may yet be another "unexpected revolution," when men will cry out: *This is not the way to live.* Will the West be wiser, if history gives us another chance?

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BOOKS

An Optimistic View

THE NEW EUROPE: TODAY—AND TOMORROW, by George Lichtheim, New York: Praeger, xv + 232 pp. $5.50.

As with his book on Marxism, George Lichtheim has given us a study of a centrally important topic that is both a general introduction and an advanced interpretation. The virtues familiar from the earlier volume are again in evidence: urbanity, a thorough command of the materials, and a slightly amused detachment from the warfare of ideological schools. The author is an independent intellectual, if ever there was one. And this suggests his latest book's great merit, just as it explains a lack of personal commitment which holds him back from the more radical implications of his own arguments.

Since the death of Stalin and the onset of general prosperity, a new situation has been emerging in Europe which almost nobody had predicted. Both the humanist-socialist hopes and the apocalyptic warnings of the war and post-war years have remained unfulfilled. What has come to pass, instead, is a situation in which "Western Europe is beginning to resemble the United States—in respect to income levels, social fluidity, and the breakdown of inherited class and caste structures." In this "indeterminate" society of industrial democracy, ideological lines have largely lost their meaning, and the traditional verbiage of political debate has become obsolete. The parties continue to call themselves conservative, liberal, or socialist—but they no longer argue, as in the past, from incompatible views of the social universe. Whatever they may claim at election time, in fact they all accept the status quo of a mixed economy, and the actual political battle goes on over the precise balance between the public and private sectors, and the marginal economic advantages accruing to each group in the society. Thus the class struggle is far from finished (on this point Mr. Lichtheim differs, and most correctly, with conformist American commentators); it simply proceeds in a blander and more bureaucratic style. "It is just because so many of their predictions have come true—not, as is sometimes argued, because things have worked out differently—that socialist doctrines have begun to wear an . . . antiquated look."

In addition to this long-range assessment, *The New Europe* has a double polemical purpose. For British readers (to whom it was originally addressed) it carries a warning to get into the Common Market before it is too late. Here the debate may seem to have

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been closed by De Gaulle's peremptory gesture of last winter; but I am sure Mr. Lichtheim would agree that the question is bound to be reopened in a form in which his own analysis will still be relevant. For Americans, the tone of admonition is at least as salutary. We are reminded that the ruler of the French is something more than an annoying historical curiosity, that his intransigence expresses, in eccentric fashion, the legitimate impatience of Europeans with a client role; we are told that Germany is not quite so important as we are accustomed to think (it "may already have neared the limit of its capacity for rapid expansion, while countries like France and Italy are still far from having exhausted their reserve potential"); and we are warned of the folly of trying to enter the Common Market ourselves, a step that would "hurt all the backward countries and formally separate the rich from the poor, the white from the colored, nations."

It is on questions such as these that Mr. Lichtheim is at his most persuasive. He reminds us that Europe has its own problems of underdevelopment in its Mediterranean regions, and that the extent of European overseas aid—particularly that of France—is becoming comparable to our own and is likely to increase. In the future, he suggests, Western Europe will have to do for Africa the same things that are incumbent on us in Latin America—"pour in the necessary investment funds in the form of grants rather than loans, and at the same time supply a guaranteed market for export crops. . . ."

All this is wise and helpful. The tain that it will be done, and Mr. only trouble is that it is far from certain Lichtheim has little to say about the consequences of the opposite choice. Such is the central difficulty his book presents. The tone is so assured—and reassuring. What if prosperity recedes and the present latent class warfare suddenly becomes ugly? How then will the example of Eastern Europe—more particularly of Poland—begin to influence the "mixed" societies of the West? Here Mr. Lichtheim offers only fragmentary answers. Despite his open-mindedness and breadth of view, the Europe he depicts is surprisingly stable. He assumes the continued East-West division of the Continent, and although he concludes his volume by speculating that Europe will "experiment with a variety of social forms, political patterns, and intellectual creeds," he fails to specify what these may be.

Perhaps events overtook the author when he had scarcely finished his book. Since the Cuban crisis of last autumn, things in Europe have been moving at a disconcerting pace. We have had the spectacle of De Gaulle rampant, Adenauer dethroned, a domesticated Communist Party legitimating itself in Italy, and, most wondrous of all, the Pope extending his hand across the ideological divide.

Possibilities that in Mr. Lichtheim's book figure as no more than a "cloud on the horizon" may become the ac-

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SING FOR YOUR SUPPER

"WASHINGTON (AP)—The voice of America will sprout 'singing commercials' for the first time starting Sunday.

"The U. S. government radio said it would beam musical advertisements by a Mohlam group on its short wave broadcast to listeners in Laos. The aim is to promote interest in a prize contest. The commercials will run for one week"—*Boston Herald.*

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tualities of 1970. Toward its close he ruminates on the recent "remarkable outcrop of technocratic tendencies" appearing "in such unlikely places as France," and on the threat of Europe cutting itself loose militarily from the United States. These he treats as remote eventualities: I would regard them as present possibilities, or even probabilities. A France stripped of De Gaulle's anachronisms—which obscure the long-range character of the regime he has founded—technocratically-governed and independent of the United States, may well be establishing the most pervasive model for the Europe to come.

H. Stuart Hughes

An Approach to Africa

Africa: The Politics of Independence, by Immanuel Wallerstein. Vintage Books, 173 pp. $1.25 (paper).

One of the most valuable remarks on Africa that I have ever heard was the angry question of a young Nigerian politician who said to me: "You don't expect our sculpture to look like yours—why should you expect our governments to?" The special virtue of Immanuel Wallerstein's book is that, unlike most of the recent glut of Africana, it appreciates the wisdom of this question and shows a concern for what makes African politics more than just Western politics with a black face.

Wallerstein dedicates his book to "the young people of Africa who are forging their future as they deem wise and who thereby merit our respect," and his interest throughout is in *their* goals, *their* methods, *their* philosophies. He is trying—with a good deal of success—to show that the solutions which the new African countries apply to their present problems are peculiarly African, and if they are not always recognizable or commendable in Western eyes that does not make them improper or ineffective for Africa.

Chief among the problems in these new African states is the job of molding an illiterate, tribally-centered mass within colonially-defined boundaries into an intelligent electorate with a real sense of nationhood. It is a terribly difficult task, for in most of the new nations the colonial government was always "them" and it takes a considerable amount of rethinking before the populace gets used to the government as "us." In states where there is no tradition of my-country-right-or-wrong not everyone is able to make the distinction between changing the government in power and changing the power of the government.

It is to solve this problem, Wallerstein indicates, that the new nations

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have resorted to one-party systems (thus removing the chance that another party may not "understand the distinction between opposition and secession"), to a large degree of authoritarianism (thus forcing a kind of stability on a state without traditions of stability) and to charismatic heroes (thus giving the masses an easy symbol of their new state to which they can adhere). The sum of all this is a peculiarly African system of government, with strong links both to tribal governments of the past (which were very seldom anti-democratic) and to the modern realities of nation-building.

And while this system could lead to outright dictatorship, at the moment it may justifiably be called democratic, since it does in fact allow the masses, insofar as they have a political will, to exercise it within defined channels, and it does provide for a government by discussion, as Julius Nyerere once put it to me, instead of a government by force. Indeed, in most of the one-party, strong-leader states (Tanganyika, Ivory Coast, Tunisia, Mali, Guinea, Upper Volta) a free vote tomorrow would not change the position of the party in the slightest, since the party does effectively embody the will of the people, however much we may dislike it; and before one begins to carp about the silencing of opposition in other one-party states (Ghana, Sierra Leone, Egypt) he should look at the self-interested, regionalistic, destructive character of this opposition and ponder whether its presence would do anything to promote democracy.

In short, however improper this system of government may seem to the Westerner, it is nonetheless Africa's own effective and essentially democratic system.

Another important—and particularly African—feature that Wallerstein also deals with effectively is the drive for pan-Africanism. This is a political movement whose nature is peculiar to Africa, with strong memories of Africa's pre-European past and a continuing concern for Africa's conglomerate power in the future. It may seem to us to be an incomprehensible movement with few chances of success, but the fact is that it is an abiding passion of every important African leader and, if it overcomes the factionalism that has recently set in, it will continue to affect the continent strongly.

Finally, Wallerstein touches upon the sense of the new African nations that they want to go their own way with as few signs of outward control as possible, a desire that has proven itself much more intense and enduring than Western diplomats (and paternalistic Americans) would ever have thought. There are a few countries in Latin America and Asia that have caught this sense of vigorous "auton-

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WHAT HAPPENS ON A CLOUDY DAY?

Outside Phoenix, Ariz., in the shadow of Camelback Mountain, stands an ultramodern $100,000 house made of Moenkopi sandstone that is, by the conservative estimate of its owner, 160 million years old. On the property is a fishpond with a little waterfall. The sound of the waterfall is picked up by a microphone and piped into the house; the owner likes to sleep to its music. In back of the house there is a photoelectric cell. When the sun rises over the Arizona desert, its light activates the cell, which sets off the motor —and up to the top of the pole runs Old Glory. At sunset, the flag automatically comes down.

This is the home of Arizona's Republican Senator Barry Morris Goldwater—and he loves it—*Time Magazine*

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omism," but on no other continent does it reach so many sections of the community—politicians, students, trade unionists, military men, intellectuals, farmers—and nowhere does it play such an important part in national policies.

In international affairs, for example, when the African nations talk of neutralism they do not mean the backseat passiveness we have become used to in Switzerland or Thailand or Paraguay, but rather a swinging, boisterous denial of both East and West and a vigorous reaffirmation of the freedom to say what they please to any nation at any time. I'm not sure such a posture can be maintained very far into the future if the pressures of Communism and overseas financial aid continue to mount, but for the moment, at any rate, the African nations have certainly infused the non-aligned nations of the world with a new and aggressive spirit, and have given "neutralism" a radically different meaning.

While Wallerstein shows in these three areas—nationalism, pan-Africanism and neutralism—an all-too-rare appreciation of the Africanness of Africa, he fails to deal fully with two other vital aspects. The first is the notion of "African socialism," which he seems to dismiss as just a reliance on "traditional African communal practices." But it is more than that: it is a system whereby the full resources of the state can be used to make a backward country modern within the shortest period possible, whether this involves a single major project or state-run farming cooperatives or simply the reallocation of land. It is socialistic (in the traditional sense) in that it sees the state as the guiding force for all economics and seeks to establish a single range of income for everyone in the community, applying a kind of Robin Hood theory of taking from the rich and giving to the poor. It is African in that, strangely enough, it is almost totally without a theoretical base and is responsive simply to practical necessities of the moment—and thus it feels free to borrow from any system, any country, at any time, mixing Israeli kibutzes with American profit-motive farming without any attempt at reconciliation.

Thus, Nkrumah envisions an African socialism in which the state con-

CONTINUUM

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THOMAS MERTON, *Spirituality in an Age of Overkill*
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—will devote its summer issue to the challenge of the papal peace encyclical: Pacem in Terris:

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trols the means of production of everything from education to bananas, but he has no intention of removing the stimulants to his economy that well-directed private capital provides. Nyerere has taken over Belgium's Tanganyikan port facilities and has started a unique scheme to establish government control over retail traders, but at the same time he is encouraging outside investors to set up secondary industries. Toure has spread his governmental apparatus over all levels of Guinea's economy, giving it a distinctly Soviet look, but he is continuing to offer guarantees to the purely capitalistic FRIA mining combine. In every case the power of the state in running the economy is balanced by the sheer necessity for capital, but the underlying premise—to which the name "African socialism" is given—is that ultimately it is the job of the government to establish, control and distribute the means of production and its profits.

The second essential Wallerstein underplays is the social and cultural legacy of the past—the pre-European past—which has given Africa its individual character. While he does discuss the great desire for cultural decolonization, Wallerstein persists in seeing African culture in terms of Western culture, when in fact it can stand on its own feet without the help of the condescending West. The Dahomean writer, Paul Hazoumé, suggests how this culture should be seen:

> If [the African populace] has no material wealth to offer, it possesses, despite its seeming barbarity and intellectual barrenness, treasures of soul and mind that its ancestors have accumulated down through the ages: comprehension, the desire for progress, respect for authority and discipline, keen interest in social welfare, family unity, courage, personal dignity, loyalty in friendship, great honesty, a sense of justice, and deep religious feeling. [Quoted in *The New Leader,* October 24, 1960.]

These are the values that the new African states are throwing up to the rest of the world and challenging us, with special affrontery, to match. It would have paid Wallerstein to have given them more attention.

Nonetheless, Wallerstein does succeed where most writers fail. He knows what is African about Africa, what is special about its nationalism, pan-Africanism and autonomism. Above all, his book is infused with that rarest of virtues: a feeling for Africa.

J. Kirk Sale

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MISCELLANY

Emanuel Geltman

My Kaduchas* ...and Yours

In a recent issue of *Commentary*, Norman Podhoretz published an article called "My Negro Problem—and Ours." In it he told about the time a bunch of Negro kids clobbered him when he was a little boy in Brownsville, and how he didn't squeal on them, and how he grew up to believe in full justice for the Negro, intermarriage and everything, but how he could never get over a residual fear or distrust of Negroes—so that while he would not forbid his daughter to marry a Negro, he wouldn't be happy about it either. *Commentary* received an absolutely staggering amount of letters which have been published in three successive issues. Except for a few dissenters like the playwright Lorraine Hansberry, most of the letters were ecstatic in their praise of Podhoretz' courage in speaking so honestly about his cowardice. And these were no ordinary letter-writers. Big names, big thinkers, a regular who's who of the intellectual world. Arthur Cohen, Melvin Lasky, all kinds of really thoughtful people.

Well, this started me to thinking about my own childhood because I, too, was a kind of sissy—although I'll say for myself that I was also very radical and sang "We Are the Builders" at a very early age. Like many Jewish families of the time we had edged up slightly in social status (if not income) by moving from the East Side where I was born to Williamsburg to Coney Island. We were living in Coney Island at the time I had this experience I want to tell about.

I understand that Coney Island has changed a lot since my childhood, which, come to think of it, was longer ago than I realized. I don't know what it's like now, but at that time the Italians lived in the few streets closest to the BMT subway terminal, and the Jews lived further out toward Sea Gate (which was mostly Jews too, but had some *goyim* as well because even the Jews there were strictly rich—or so we thought). The fact is that we were pretty scared, by and large, of the Italian kids. They were tougher, meaner, more independent. *But that's another problem,* and if it's still yours, it is no longer mine.

Maybe you know about how Jewish families like mine were about pets. Nowadays when Jews, even ones not so rich, live in suburbs, have *bas mitzvahs* for their daughters, and go to Community Centers, it's commonplace for Jewish kids to have pets. In my childhood and in my neighborhood cats were known, but dogs were a rarity. Not that my parents had anything against animals. I mean, who had dogs? Once, perhaps remembering that they had been closer to nature in the little Polish village from which they came, my parents got a rheumy-eyed poodle. But it lasted only two weeks. My mother wouldn't have forgiven a *tsaddik** for messing up the floor.

I was about 6 or 7 at the time, not long after we had moved to Coney Island, and I knew nothing about dogs. I was playing on the street when a dog bounded up to me. Memory is tricky. I cannot now remember whether it was a big dog or a little dog but I must have thought it was a big dog because I backed away. The dog followed. I retreated further, and the dog kept after me until I broke into a run with the dog in hot pursuit. By the time I reached my house I was too panicky to shut the downstairs door and the dog followed me up to the second floor where we lived. I burst through the door, and shut that one, collapsing in sweat and fright.

The next day and the day after that I had chills and fever. My mother took me to a doctor who said I had the ague and prescribed some evil-tasting powders. My mother had never heard of the ague and distrusted the diagnosis. When I had not recovered in another day my mother took me to a new doctor in the neighborhood, a young man not long out of medical school who also remembered what his mother had taught him. He promptly diagnosed my fright-induced chills and fever (alternating) as *The Kaduchas***—

* Be patient, this will be explained presently.

* One of God's anonymous emissaries; very holy.

** The pip!

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and prescribed some evil-tasting powders. I don't want to drag this story out. The fact is I recovered.

As I grew up life presented me with few opportunities to face the dog question. It just wasn't an issue at the meetings I increasingly attended. I can't say that I was really comfortable in the presence of dogs but on the whole I was rational about it. The family moved to Boro Park. Then back to Williamsburg in the depression years, and by that time the Village was really home for me. If you live in the Village you get used to dogs but I still had little close contact with dogs. I got to know a dog that belonged to a doctor I knew when I lived in L.A. But not until I had children of my own did I really have to face the problem of dogs.

My children are a younger generation, and products of a mixed marriage so pets are more natural. The issue of cats and then dogs (and other animals) came up and while I admit that I offered hesitation if not resistance, I yielded to the point where we now have a collie and a beagle and they are an acceptable part of my life. (I was tricked into the collie, but I brought the beagle home.) I walk the dogs more than anyone else in the family, really enjoy it, but complain about it. My kids, of course, haven't the slightest fear of dogs. My son and my daughter will approach the most monstrous beast without the least tremor, and I admire them for ti.

As for myself I've really gotten over any lingering suspicion of dogs. Yet, I will have to admit that it would distress me if my daughter wanted to marry a dog.

Unions in Ivy Halls

Over 300 New York City college professors have joined an AFL-CIO local union of their own according to an announcement from American Federation of Teachers President Carl J. Megel.

The spread of unionism to the ivy halls of higher learning of the municipal and private colleges was hailed by George Meany, President of the AFL-CIO, as "another forward step for teachers and for the cause of better education in New York."

Charles Cogen, president of the United Federation of Teachers, which is the exclusive bargaining representative for all 40,000 New York City teachers below the college level, credited the UFT's success as "helping inspire college teachers to turn to the AFL-CIO as their representative."

Walter P. Reuther, AFL-CIO vice president, offered his "congratulations and those of the Industrial Union Department" to Dr. Israel Kugler, the president of the new local, Local 1460, United Federation of College Teachers, and said that the labor movement looked to such educators "to help supply the intellectual leadership that will be so necessary in our rapidly changing society."

The newly-chartered union has membership in the faculties of all the municipal colleges, the community colleges, and in New York University and Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn for the private colleges.

The start of an intensive organizing campaign throughout metropolitan area colleges was announced by Dr. Kugler to coincide with the granting of the charter.

The newly elected officers of Local 1460, United Federation of College Teachers, in addition to Dr. Kugler, who is Associate Professor of Social Science at New York City Community College, are: Treasurer: Dr. Vernon Haubrich, Assistant Professor, Hunter College; Secretary: Eve Puder, Associate Professor, New York City Community College; Vice President for Private Colleges: Dr. Martin Dworkis, Professor, Graduate School of Public Administration, New York University; Vice President for Community Colleges: Irene W. Frank, Associate Professor, Fashion Institute of Technology; Vice President for Municipal Colleges: Dr. Chauncey Downes, Assistant Professor, Hunter College; and Legislative Representative: Michael Fleischer, Instructor, Hunter College.

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LETTERS

Cuba Discussion

Editors:

While the undersigned have their own disagreements and varying emphases in interpreting the Cuban affair, we join in finding the Roger Hagan article on the Cuban crisis incorrect and slanted. [DISSENT, Winter 1963.]

Hagan writes, ". . . the President was confronted with two alternative kinds of risk. He could take a course that would risk war, or a course that would risk his political future and that of his party. Since things turned out well, it seems to be assumed that he chose the right risk. One cannot let this situation go without criticism. . . ."

The implication seems to be that Kennedy risked war to win the election. This is a terrible thing to say, but Mr. Hagan does not make the slightest effort to prove it. On the contrary, he starts out by discarding the only evidence which may permit the American public to judge the situation—the amazingly frank disclosures about the ExCom and the deliberations which led to the decision of October 22. He disqualifies this as "Hollywood" and "fan magazine" treatment. He remains unpersuaded by the fact that in these days the President was surrounded by Republicans—Lovett, McNamara, McGeorge Bundy, McCone, in addition to Dean Acheson, Taylor and others whose "cold war" posture certainly needed no prompting by party politicians. He does not stress the overwhelming evidence which rather points in the other direction—that the President had striven, all through September, to minimize the Cuban danger. Having told the voters that there was no danger in the Cuban build-up, but that a blockade might bring war, Kennedy risked looking foolish when he turned around and now said in effect: "yes, I was all wet, there is danger in Cuba, and we must risk a blockade." Had he been primarily concerned about the impression made on the electorate, he would have tried to postpone the crisis until *after* the elections, for the Gallup poll showed that the Republicans had *not* succeeded in making Cuba an issue and, as the elections were to show, the superpatriots were defeated.

But we are not simply concerned with disproving Mr. Hagan's contention. Our protest is directed against the kind of argument he injects into the discussion. One may disagree with the course the President chose, as one of the undersigned specifically did. One may accuse him of being influenced by advisers who think only in terms of power politics. One may totally reject the entire approach to the balance of power which is characteristic of foreign policy in the atomic age; and again one of the undersigned built his argument on the Cuban crisis around such a rejection. That is one thing, to say the opponent is wrong. But Mr. Hagan does not say that. He says the opponent is immoral and imputes to him motives and a cynicism beneath contempt. We wonder where Mr. Hagan has picked up his knowledge of human nature or of the way decisions are made in government. Is he unable to concede bona fides to an opponent? He is not satisfied with proving Kennedy wrong, he must say he is immoral and even petty. It is impossible for him to state that he disagrees with a specific move of his government; he must blow his disagreement up to a morality play. Such a line of argument is irrelevant and self-defeating. Mr. Hagan must refute his opponent like anyone else, on the level of ideas and facts.

The case Hagan makes out is rather weak. Castro needed missiles to defend himself; but Turkey did not. Our missiles are counterforce; theirs, when similarly deployed, are not. "Fidel cannot have believed that the missiles were simply part of the Soviet force . . ." (page 18); but (on page 25) the non-counterforce nuclear power (Russia) tried to spread its ". . . arms to local areas of tension in order to forestall a series of local defeats and humiliations without risking the destruction of its homeland."

There remains the question of how Mr. Hagan relates to Khrushchev. This is the most amazing part of his article. While everybody in the West seems to be motivated by the most narrow and selfish cynicism, Khrushchev "staked his reputation on proving that peaceful coexistence is possible," and while Mr. Hagan can muster up considerable indignation in judging Kennedy's actions, it completely fails him when analyzing Khrushchev's strategy. Then he finds nothing impeach-

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able in Khrushchev's use of Cuba as an unsinkable carrier.

And yet, in fairness to Mr. Hagan, we must point out that he himself draws back more than once before the sense of things he seems to be communicating. At one point he acknowledges Kennedy's moderation which he finds in keeping with that American tradition which has kept this country from "tripping over its own feet"; and a more significant admission, he acknowledges the desirability of the missiles being removed from Cuba, although, of course, negotiations would be the only acceptable procedure for effecting this. And if that failed? He grudgingly admits that perhaps under the circumstances Kennedy might have had no choice but to act as he did. But in that case, Mr. Hagan would have *no* case.

HENRY PACHTER
STANLEY PLASTRIK

ROGER HAGAN *replies:*

I consider this letter, signed by two editors of DISSENT, to be an important one, and I would therefore like to deal with it at length. First I wish to commend these editors for publishing an article with which they so thoroughly disagree and arguing out their differences in print later. Concerning the spirit and aims of this debate I will have something to say later.

Pachter and Plastrik seem impressed by the "amazingly frank disclosures" about the ExCom, as if a narrative of who said what in the "think tank" brings us to the root of the American response to the missile crisis. Do they believe there would have been the same urgency to those days, that the "hawks" would have been so vociferous or influential, had the Republican party taken the Cuban matter on the President's terms? And how much credence should be given the "amazingly frank disclosures" when some of the most amazing parts appear to have been an attempt to carry out a long-standing vendetta against Stevenson, and when parts of the article in which they appeared were soon discredited?

As to the Republican advisors, the President has listened to them before and since, so it is not a sufficient explanation of the Cuban affair to suggest he was in their thrall. This is not to say their presence was unimportant in creating a "do-something" atmosphere. Where Pachter and Plastrik and I may disagree is on the question of whether one has the right to demand independent, "autonomous" judgment of the bearers of final responsibility even beyond what is likely, given surroundings, climate, advisors, quirks of personality, and other elements which suffice for the determinist. There are surprises in human affairs. Perhaps, appearances notwithstanding, I have *more* faith in the President, in his capacity for greatness, than those who defend him on grounds of context. At times I am ready to admit that this is naive, but now is not one of them. I believe that Kennedy has gone way beyond many of his advisors in his concern for a test-ban and in trying to normalize relations with Cuba. I wish he had gone similarly beyond them last fall, and continue to fear that one reason he did not was politics.

When I say this, Pachter and Plastrik pretend to hear me talking about an explicit tactical decision. To the contrary, my view is that the need to act was part of a politician's way of seeing such a situation. This raises the question of my "knowledge of human nature or of the the way decisions are made in government." "Immoral" and "cynicism beneath contempt" are Pachter's and Plastrik's phrases, not mine. Since half a year has passed, let me quote the salient lines from my article. They are a bit more subtle than the writers suggest.

> If ever an incident demanded that the role of cheap politics in dictating or restricting policy be isolated [as I believed and still believe the way the Republicans were campaigning was restricting it], it was the Cuban missile showdown. Yet among the men in the top ranks of the Administration, none of them cheap politicians, there is probably not one who could separate out the several kinds of motive and say which most moved him or his chief into what history will probably record as a panic reaction. [I cannot recall why I was so optimistic about history.] The point is not that the National Security Council consciously contrived a false rationale while pursuing hidden purposes. Politics, toughness, a sense of nakedness and mil-

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itary peril, a sense of being tested, silly rage, all were probably mingled into an unanalyzed conviction of the necessity of our action. The point is rather to remind us that the task of intellect is to dispel fog, to clarify and evaluate the sources of action—hopefully in time to affect it. If the most intellectual Administration in our history did not do this, it is fully as disturbing as if it had done it well and acted solely from cynical arguments.

But beyond this, I am curious about the writers' shock at the suggestion that with the present Administration questions of morality and humanity might take a back seat to political considerations. Where have *they* been? Why do they suppose the President has rejected the recommendation of his Civil Rights Commission that federal aid be withheld from Mississippi? If they find it beneath their charity to observe that in 1960 the President won no Southern state except Georgia with more than 52 per cent of the popular vote, I think they are abandoning the task of the analyst. Seek other reasons, of course; but fail to stress this one and you fail to confront the structural problems of our political order, which, I presume, is what socialists and radicals are about. The same applies to questions of foreign policy, and most urgently to those involving great risk of nuclear war. Survival of regime and party enter into the policy calculus more heavily than some of us would wish.

What Gallup Poll do you read? Or, how does on read it? The trend was clear and no politician would have ignored it. Polls in early October indicated that more than 10 per cent of the electorate wanted an invasion, and more than half endorsed strong action short of war. By October 17 a Gallup Poll reported 24 per cent backing invasion. Roscoe Drummond later wrote that "the mood of the country has been one of impatience with the apparent indecision of the Administration to act decisively." Republican Chairman William Miller declared of the 1962 campaign that "If we were asked to state the issue in one word, that word would be Cuba—symbol of the tragic irresolution of the Administration." It is nonsense to suggest that all this was without effect. George Gallup wrote later that "just before the President's decision to impose a naval blockade of Cuba, his popularity had slumped to the lowest point recorded by the Gallup Poll since his Inauguration, with 61 per cent of voters approving the way Kennedy was handling his job." Incidentally, it is quite misleading to conclude that political pressure was negligible from the fact that "the super-patriots were defeated." The President had by then acted; he had avoided war; the Soviets had backed off. Naturally the war-hawks looked bad. Most of them had turned to praise him during the blockade anyway, which left them with little to distinguish themselves at election time. Do Pachter and Plastrik really want to draw their conclusions from such evidence?

They wish to establish that my discussion is "slanted." The primary evidence of this seems that I did not "stress the overwhelming evidence that points in the other direction—that the President had striven, all through September, to minimize the Cuban danger." This is amusing. The article I first sent to DISSENT opened with eight pages describing in detail the President's moderation, his effort to dampen the ardor of the war-hawks, and the possible interaction of this with Russian plans and assessments. I was told by the editor to cut this part; It was peripheral to the main point, "the real argument begins on page eight." I cut it out and substituted a mere allusion—a country boy, apparently, in the hands of city slickers.

As I read through the letter of Pachter and Plastrik it became harder to place our differences on the plane of forthright disagreement. I grew puzzled as to why they were at such pains to turn what I said into a crude accusation of cynicism and immorality. The answer was soon to come, but first, a few more examples of sloppy paraphrasing designed to establish my tendentiousness. "Castro needed missiles to defend herself, but Turkey did not." Did I say Turkey did not? Or did I say that the missiles we emplaced would have been useless to defend her? Check it. Next: "Our missiles are counterforce; theirs, when similarly displayed, are not." The writers may not be clear on the meaning

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of counterforce, which is not all bad; if they mean "aggressive weaponry for first strike use," the reason why one missile can and another cannot easily be interpreted in this way is that to undertake such a strike demands considerable weapons superiority, and only one side can have that. But this is speaking in general terms. There are imaginable, restricted cases which contradict this, and if the writers had read my article in the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*, to which I refer more than once in the DISSENT piece, they would have found that practically the only use to which I could imagine the Cuban-based missiles being put in a conflict was a counterforce use, as part of a graded retaliation technique. The article was an attempt to answer the question: aside from political uses, could the missiles in Cuba make any strategic sense? I concluded that to a limited degree they could, in connection with emerging doctrines of limited war. It was a hypothetical exercise, however; at the time, there was no evidence that Soviet military men thought in such terms. The newly-translated Sokolovskii volume of Soviet strategic writings hints they may have been altering during the past two years their views on the possibility of limiting war, but is far from conclusive on this point.

So we come to the core of Pachter's and Plastrik's letter, which explains much of what precedes it: Hagan is inferred to be a Khrushchevite. The picture of two good minds bending their efforts to this tiresome game is not a pleasant one. I apparently find "nothing impeachable in Khrushchev's use of Cuba as an unsinkable carrier." My article was entitled "The Administration in the Cuban Blockade Crisis: Triumph or Tragedy?" (the editors took the liberty of dropping the first half of the title), but for tabulators of adjectives, my chosen focus on our government, with regard to which we have at least some rights, responsibilities and powers, was apparently irrelevant. Political judgment becomes a matter for an adding machine. Frankly I resent being called on to declare my anti-Soviet purity to Pachter and Plastrik or any other exotic products of the peculiar hothouse of sectarian left politics of the past three decades. For others, however, I add the following.

I find the crisis caused, if we strick to short-term causes, by the Soviets making an irresponsibly dangerous (but not stupid) power play (it was a power play whether or not its intention was to protect Cuba) which failed. I see nothing to defend in this, but much to explain. Most of this explanation I must leave to students of Soviet affairs, but I insist that, with regard to all power plays by all sides in the Cold War, we have the obligation to analyze beyond safely patriotic or party slogans so as to find the dynamic at the root of international crises, and this includes necessarily analyzing misperception by each side of its antagonists. Beyond this obligation to analyze, however, we have the additional obligation, and at very least the right, to demand more than analysis would lead us to expect of our own government. It is here that our voice and vote mean something. This is the distinction Pachter and Plastrik will not acknowledge. Apparently the old need to discover and isolate Soviet apologists in their own wing of the socialist cause still preoccupies them and takes precedence over their duty to act as citizens. I hope the day is close when socialists can once again think of themselves as citizens first, and without having to prove it, so that they can be citizen intellectuals, critics, and radicals as well.

While I deny having made the precise kind of moral accusations the writers allege, I also find it sad that they object to the criterion of morality being introduced into an assessment of a crisis which found top government officials—we know in Washington, presumably similarly in Moscow—ready with packed bags to be flown to deep shelters in Maryland and the Virginia hills while millions waited dumbly in cities for the morning paper. The very occurrence of such a crisis is a matter of supremely moral import. It is even sadder that one of the writers, a socialist, found nothing to criticize in the American share of precipitating matters to this pass.

As to international politics, the real issue, and one which I would think the traditional internationalism of socialism would help decide for Pachter and Plastrik, is whether one supposes that international order will or should be estab-

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lished by American superiority, or by strengthening the system of international law and the mechanisms of arbitration. The latter would involve taking precisely such risks as were offered us in the crisis last fall, for significant advances will not be made without similar risks. A lawyer of my acquaintance has recently pointed out a simple distinction between those who see international events from a national interest viewpoint and those who see them from an international order viewpoint. These are not necessarily exclusive perceptions, but as matters of emphasis they do seem to divide many people. The difficult point to establish is apparently that the international order orientation does not involve a lapse of patriotism. One can love one's country and want it to use its leadership to establish with all possible speed an international order in which it will take its place with appropriate sacrifice and dignity. Why let the yahoos define patriotism?

Why, particularly, if you are an editor of DISSENT? It is unfortunate that the Cold War has left so many socialists in its wake whose primary orientation is to the national interest rather than to international order, let alone to justice or morality. Pachter and Plastrik seem to differ here. But their letter indicts them of something more serious: of self-indulgence, of permitting themselves an old and wearisome manner of discourse which has done immeasurable harm to socialism in America, starved it of originality and courage, deprived it of a program, and linked it nearly indissolubly with the forces of spurious consensus in American life. The consensus is in fact breaking down; a native insurgency shows signs of developing around real issues and acting for real changes. It may be too much to ask, but I hope that DISSENT can stop beating the bushes long enough to get out of the woods and assume a role of leadership appropriate to radical intellectuals.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: It is our custom to allow authors whose articles are criticized to have the last word in reply. With Mr. Hagan's reply, the discussion of his article is now closed. However, his reply goes considerably beyond a defense of his article and contains opinions as to the general character and nature of DISSENT, which remain open for possible future discussion. Furthermore, Henry Pachter, one of our editors, feels that there are elements concerning himself in Mr. Hagan's reply which require a statement of personal belief, quite apart from the particular controversy, and such a statement follows.]

ON A POINT OF PERSONAL PRIVILEGE:

I would say nothing more if Mr. Hagan were saying that I am wrong or stupid. DISSENT has often enoufih given hospitality to opinions which some, even many, of its editors considered foolish, and it is customary to let contributors have the last word. But Mr. Hagan abuses his right of reply and, in doing so, brings up new material, raises new issues and uses much more space than Plastrik and I had taken to criticize his view.

I do not wish to discuss Mr. Hagan's article any further; I wish merely to offer a few corrections of a personal nature. Since Hagan makes slanderous allegations about my position, I am forced to use this privilege and I shall not abuse it. Remaining strictly within this self-set limit, I must forego the temptation to denounce the distortions and other polemical devices to which Mr. Hagan has resorted.

Because Mr. Hagan never seems to doubt his moral superiority he thinks that one has the right to demand independent, autonomous "judgment" whereas apparently I don't. Likewise, Mr. Hagan is satisfied that *his* judgment of the situation is grounded in concern for peace while mine, apparently "found nothing to criticize in the American share of precipitating matters," and hence *he* goes "beyond this obligation to analyze" while I apparently am stuck in the mire of pure political science. Why then does he think I have been involved in publishing DISSENT? The question on which one might honestly disagree is precisely: *where* must we stop analyzing in order to act meaningfully? I happen to think that a deterioration in the international position of either of the big power vis-a-vis the other is not just an ordinary risk but (under the unfortunate circumstances of the unresolved power conflict and given the internal structure of both big powers), is *the* major threat to peace. I may be mistaken, but this is part of my

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analysis; to ignore it and to substitute for it nothing but the moral conviction that things should be different, is irresponsible.

Now I have incurred the moral strictures of some pacifists by saying that no meaningful action for peace can ignore this framework. Many changes are needed both inside each country and in their mutual relations before we can proceed to meaningful disarmament, disengagement, substitution of law for power politics. Meanwhile, I agree with Erich Fromm that recognition of the precarious *status quo* is a better guarantee of peace than appeasement. I regret that he and Mr. Hagan do not have the courage to conclude from this premise that we need a system of collective security strong enough to make aggression risky for any power. I regret that one is called names if he admits that collective security must be based on sufficient power to prevent arbitrary changes in the present power balance. But I don't believe in gimmicks to change the balance without abolishing it. If I did not believe that peace depends on this balance, I would advocate unilateral disarmament which I think is less risky than piecemeal appeasement.

Mr. Hagan thinks this is a "national interest viewpoint." I, on the contrary, think the kind of yielding to pressure which Mr. Hagan advocates is the greatest threat to peace. For that reason, however, I don't accuse him of betraying pacifism, and I must earnestly say that I consider his inference (he is cagey enough to put it in the mouth of a "lawyer of my acquaintance") as slanderous. The self-righteous Mr. Hagan shall not doubt my concern with peace. The hour is much too late to adopt angelic poses, either patriotic or pacifistic; the situation is much too serious to parade lofty feelings and to dispense with hard analysis. If it is a question of maintaining peace, I will risk being unpopular both with the authorities and the sectarians. I indulged myself once in the luxury of associating only with the simon-pure. We used to proclaim our devotion to peace while looking on when the powers went to war, confident that the war would open the gates of revolution. I have come to the unfortunate conclusion that this is no longer a permissible luxury. We have to defend the present precarious peace, prevent it from further deterioration, and work for its improvement. So long as we have no collective security, this must be done largely with traditional tools of diplomacy; even if we add some liberal innovations to this arsenal, such as massive development aid and frequent recourse to the United Nations, that does not leave much room for pseudo-radical phrase-mongering. For the United Nations today is nothing but its member states. The radical thing today, as always, is to speak the truth and to avoid phrascology. If Mr. Hagan wishes to compete with the patriots for the use of patriotic phrases, that is his privilege. From the point of view which I have outlined, the propagandistic aim is precisely to destroy patriotic phraseology and to teach the abandonment of all provincial concerns. If we are to have any kind of international order, we must evolve from national policies toward international policies.

In these convictions, I go much farther than Hagan who merely wants to "strengthen international law and the mechanisms of arbitration"; I am convinced that the notion of sovereignty has become obsolete. It is truly ironic that Mr. Hagan thinks he can teach me anything about the difference between "national interest and international order." I have always been an internationalist and intend to stay so. I fail to see why Hagan's youth should excuse him from observing decent rules of debate, or why the few things I have learned should be a handicap to a reasonable discussion of the issues, and I can see even less why his way of sweeping arguments aside should pass for "originality."

I must laugh at Hagan's presumption to lecture the editors of DISSENT on nonconformism. When we started DISSENT, at the height of the McCarthy terror, fighting for intellectual freedom, and even defending the right of free speech for Communists—where then were the people with whom you are now associated in righteousness, Mr. Hagan? If you find today a climate that is receptive to your conception of pacifism, that is in some part due to us; but I have not fought the terror of the right to become a victim of self-styled radicals. Mr. Hagan uses the phrase "spurious consensus" to clobber timid souls into a consensus of another kind. It

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is fashionable now to be a non-conformist, and to cow under the pious rectitude of these dogmatists who accuse of conformism anyone who does not conform to their views. One is indifferent to "international order, let alone justice and morality" unless he has precisely the shade of Mr. Hagan's non-conformity to which it is necessary to conform to be respected. Let me inform Mr. Hagan that my aim is neither to conform nor to nonconform, but to speak the truth as I see it, no matter who agrees or disagrees.

HENRY PACHTER

C. Wright Mills

Editors:

As a friend, former student and research assistant to the late C. Wright Mills, I was deeply moved and gratified to read Harvey Swados' personal memoir of him in DISSENT [Winter, 1963]. Nothing is so difficult as writing personally about a man you have known intimately and whom many people know publicly; the temptation, especially in grief, is to offer up a one-dimensional eulogy. In facing up to the complexities of Mills' personality and accomplishment, as well as to the complexities of their own relationship, Swados has given us a living portrait of a human being who was one of the important men of our times . . . he has given Mills a greater tribute than he would have by taking the easy course of undiluted adulation. Since I first met Mills in 1954 I have sat many times and for many hours listening to Mills and Swados talk, debate, argue and plan, in the rough and open kind of dialogue that only is possible between two men who have a deep trust and respect for one another. I know, too, what a loyal and valuable friend Swados was to Mills and his family, despite all disagreements either personal or philosophical... Swados has paid Mills the high compliment of treating him as a man instead of a monument, and if I disagree with this or that point I know that this remarkable essay is as honest, as brilliant, and as tough-minded as Mills was himself. I cannot imagine that Mills would have expected or wanted anything less.

DAN WAKEFIELD

Editors:

I wish I could have left Harvey Swados's "Personal Memoir" of C. Wright Mills (Winter 1963) alone. Unfortunately, there is too much in his essay which is inaccurate, offensive and plain nasty not to require rebuttal . . .

First, and most distasteful, the personal side: according to Mr. Swados, Mills was "egomaniacal and brooding, hearty and homeless, driven by a demon of discontent and ambition," possessed by "utter self-absorption," and so forth. It is rash to speculate on what people are driven by, but I think he was driven by much more than discontent and ambition; and though there was too much personal tragedy in his life to make it easy for him to forget his troubles, I did not find him incapable of interest in, and concern for, other people's troubles and problems. Nor do I understand how Mr. Swados can say that Mills was "absolutely sure of his own insights and analysis." He was not. On the contrary, he had a wonderfully probing, questing mind and he was remarkably open to new ideas and deeply conscious of his own zones of ignorance. This modesty is precisely what made discussion with him so fruitful and exciting. At least I found it so, in innumerable marathon sessions. To say that numerable marathon sessions. . . .

Mr. Swados notes, and evidently endorses, attacks on Mills's "unrefined methodology," "his grandiose generalizations," his "gross inaccuracies." But he surely disqualifies himself as a serious judge of Mills's work when he writes that *White Collar* and *The Power Elite* would have been "paltry" books "if they had not been informed throughout with a sense of the magnetic self-assurance of their author." Lucky Mills! who could command such interest and admiration for trashy books, merely because of his magnetic self-assurance! . . .

I have never met Mr. Swados but I have known him as an intelligent and sensitive writer. Why then does his essay breathe spite and venom? There is of course the fact that Mills had a very disturbing effect on many people—his vitality, his intensity, the extraordinary diversity of his skills all seemed to pose a challenge to friends and associates, and so did the recognition he gained in his

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last year. Nor is it, as Mr. Swados suggests, Mills who was uneasy with intellectuals, but precisely "dyed-in-the-wool" intellectuals and academics who felt themselves obscurely threatened by this peculiarly unacademic intellectual. Whether this has any relevance to Mr. Swados, he will know better than I. But I believe there are in any case more specifically political and ideological reasons for the character of his essay. These have to do with the fact that Mills decided in the fifties that a dogmatic condemnation of Soviet communism would not do, either in relation to the Soviet regime itself, or to the Soviet Union's role in the world. As he well knew it would, this earned him the bitter reproof of many old friends, for whom such condemnation had been a prime article of political faith, indeed of socialist faith. I know that Mr. Swados was one such friend. He is, of course, entitled to his dogmas, his hatreds and his reproaches. But he should not have allowed them so to blur his vision.

Mr. Swados speaks of Mills's "fascination with the supposed technological efficiency of totalitarianism"; of his "fascination with the totalitarian variety of the global shift to what is called socialism"; it will come as a surprise to anyone who talked to him about it that "the Great Leap Forward excited him enormously"; and "eager to be shown that the pro-Communist Australian—and other—Sinologists whom he read, underscored, and filed, were indeed right," Mills "itched to be off to China to see for himself." What else can these clumsy formulations be taken to mean but that Mills had lost his critical faculties in relation to the Communist world, that he only wanted "to see for himself" that which would confirm him in his "fascination"? There is not a glimmer of truth in these imputations. Mills, as a sociologist and as a socialist, was deeply interested in the Soviet world, particularly from the middle fifties onwards. Far from being irresistibly drawn to it, he was savagely critical of many of its aspects; but neither would he shut his eyes to all that was creative, fruitful and promising in the restless experimentation he encountered in the communist bloc; and whatever else it was that he found attractive there, it was certainly not its technological efficiency.

As for Mills and Cuba, the explanation of his involvement is, according to Mr. Swados, even more simple: "anyone who knew Mills's admiration for the motorcycle drivers could have foreseen his admiration for the successful Cuban guerrillas"; though there was also, apparently, the effect on Mills of Castro's assurance that he and his companions had been studying Mills's books in the mountains. That did it: "the result (*sic*) was *Listen Yankee*." Poor Mills! who *thought* that he admired the Cubans for all kinds of good socialist reasons. Mr. Swados knows better. Deep down, it was because they reminded him of those motorcycle drivers . . .

Mr. Swados also suggests that "in his last months," Mills felt that he had been "terribly wrong" about the Cuban revolution, and that "in his last weeks" he was becoming "more and more impressed with the psychological and intellectual relevance of non-violent resistance and absolute pacifism." Mills and I talked much about Cuba in those last months; he did fear that the revolution might go sour—but then he had expressed the same kind of fear in *Listen Yankee;* and he was distressed by the garbled reports he read of Castro's alleged "I-have-always-been-a-Communist" speech. But to suggest that it was "the decline of the revolution, atop his personal pains" which proved too much for him is an impudent piece of myth-making. As for non-violence and pacifism, what echoes in my mind is Mills's insistent question: "How can one tell people in Latin America that they should not take up arms?" However, I make no claims about Mills's final views and positions: friends should not behave like greedy priests, claiming last-minute conversion and repentance.

There is much else in Mr. Swados's piece which requires comment, but this titled, and he would not have wished to claim, immunity from critical consideration and candid appraisal. But I think he was entitled, as a man, as a writer and as a friend, to something better than this bitter and unworthy essay.

RALPH MILIBAND

[Mr. Swados has declined to comment on Mr. Miliband's communication.—Ed.]

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